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JANUARY 18, 1974

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

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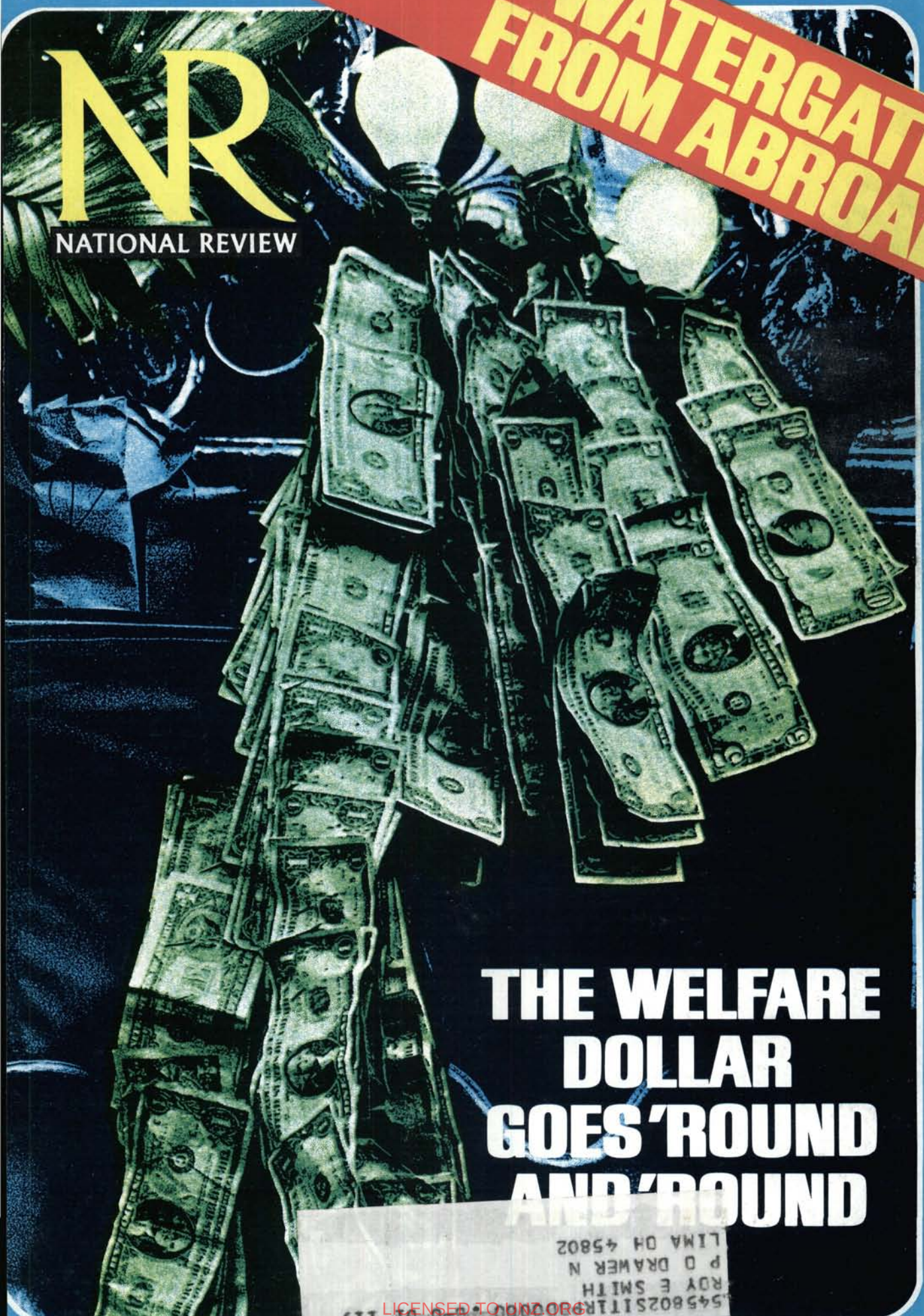

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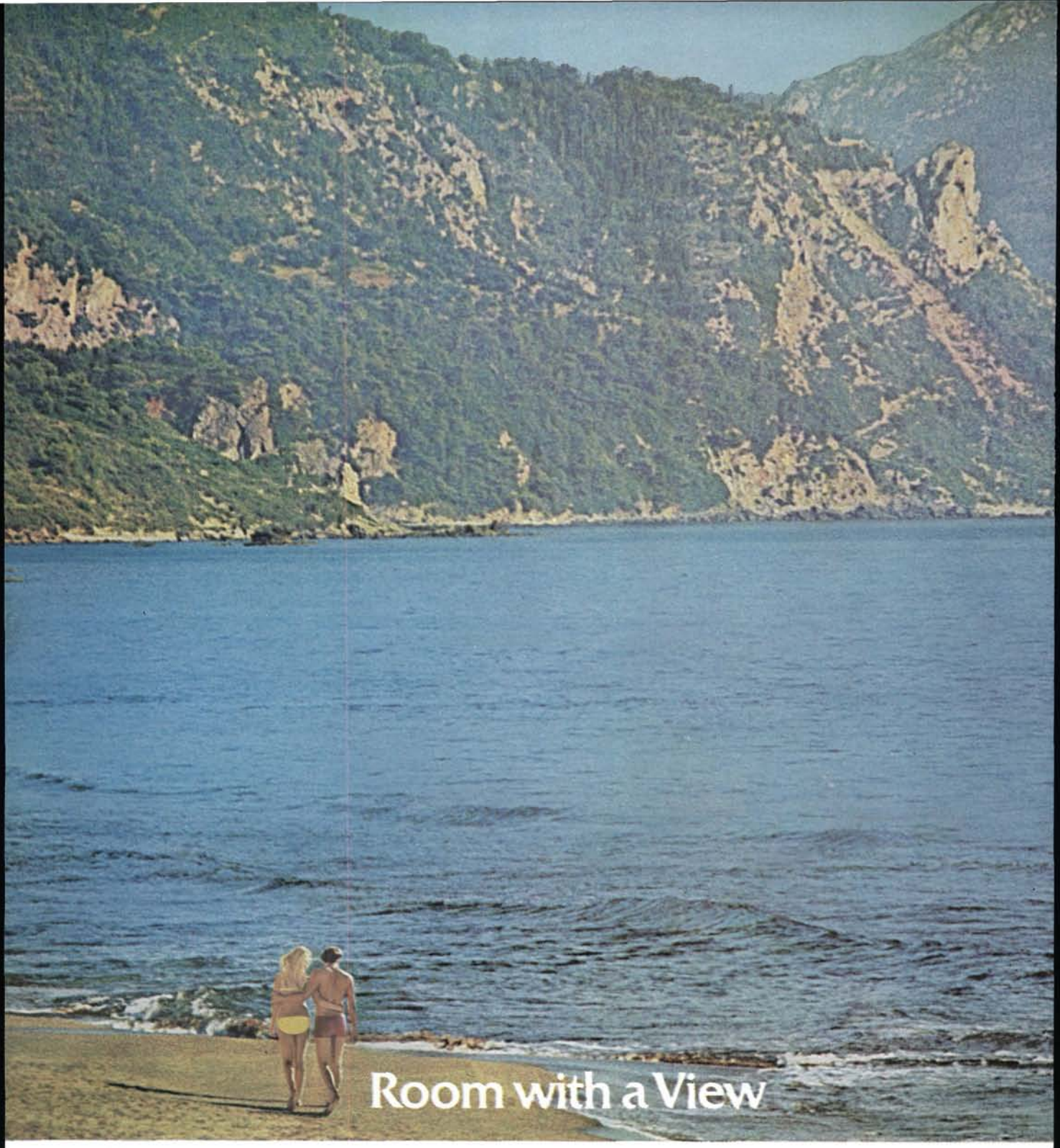

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Clayton Thomas, who makes his first appearance in *NR*, graduated from Columbia University in 1970, immediately following which he spent a year as a caseworker in New York City's welfare department. He was most recently employed on Wall Street and is now at work on a book which will attempt to show that welfare and Wall Street are mirror images of the same establishment. . . . **Maurice Hungiville**, another first-timer, is an Assistant Professor at Michigan State University. . . . **Ferdinand Mount** was born in London and is a graduate of Eton, Vienna University, and Oxford (Ch. Ch.). He was a political columnist for the (London) *Daily Sketch* and then the chief leader-writer for the *Daily Mail*, from which he is now on leave. Rather more significantly, we like to think, he was at *NR* for a year back in 1967. Mr. Mount leads off the book section with a review of Brian Crozier's biography of de Gaulle. But he also cabled us a view of Watergate from a different perspective, which we thought we should publish immediately lest the issue melt away with the coming of the new year like the *neiges d'antan*. . . . When Salvador Allende came to power in Chile *NR* resolved to cover his regime extensively, expecting, it is now fair to say, the disaster that in due course occurred. The myth that Allende was a hero of our time may survive; but then again it may not, to which end *NR* with the aid of its able Chilean correspondent **Nena Ossa** has devoted considerable attention over the past three years. Mrs. Ossa, who lives in Santiago, in this issue completes our extensive coverage of Chile's affaire with Marxism. . . . **Keith Mano** listens to PG-rated radio. . . . **Pat Coyne**, wife of presidential speech writer and former *NR* staffer John Coyne, reviews a novel by John Leonard, also a former *NR* staffer.

—DO

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Letters

Alchian versus the Tinkerers

Armen Alchian's "There's Gas in Your Future" [Jan. 4] was terrific. I wonder if the degree of public acceptance of economic arguments varies inversely with their free market content. So at least I fear, in which case Professor Alchian's compelling piece will be totally ignored. Which is a shame, inasmuch as it shows how the free market's price mechanism can even be interspersed among the tinkerers' tinkerings.

I am a new and fanatic skier and would gladly choose to shiver during the week and forgo my share of petrochemical products in order to get to the slopes on weekends. But I cannot do so during the week, as can the rich and those who own their businesses or have, for other reasons, flexible job schedules. Or no jobs at all.

Altoona, Pa. JANE PARKER

Our Apologies

In the course of your receiving my memorial address on Leo Strauss by telephone from Toronto ["The Achievement of Leo Strauss," Dec. 7], some errors seem to have crept into the text. I wrote that "Strauss's Jewish studies led him, not merely to a profounder understanding of Spinoza, but beyond Spinoza, to that greater Jewish thinker, Maimonides." In the printed version, "greater" had become "greatest"; but this would contradict something I had written elsewhere in the essay.

Also, it was not Locke's esoteric, but his *exoteric* thought that, I wrote, had been "taken with the greatest seriousness here."

Claremont, Calif. HARRY V. JAFFA

Arithmetic Lesson

Where is the credibility of *NR* in economics when it hasn't learned English ["Chilean Economics in One Lesson," Oct. 26]? "The Chilean currency must now be devalued by 1000 per cent."

If the currency is devalued by only 100 per cent there is nothing left at all. Then what a dilemma!

Where is this oft-used error springing from? I have been following it for about six years. You are in good company, I admit.

Pittsburgh, Pa. WILLIAM A. HAZLETT

Assume that it takes two Chilean escudos to buy one dollar; 100 per cent of two is two, so that after a 100 per cent devaluation it would take four escudos to buy dollar (not zero escudos or zero dollars. A 1000 per cent devaluation is ten time as large, after which it would take 22 es cudos to buy a dollar. Devaluation is change in the relationship or ratio betwee two currencies, not an absolute decline i one. —A

$C_6H_{11}NHSO_3Na$

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Whelan ["How Sweet I Isn't," Jan. 4] says that laboratory investi gation of chemicals requires the testing o one substance at a time. That is surely nc so if two chemicals are always present i the particular product under scrutiny—a Mrs. Whelan would seem to recogniz when she quotes the critics' question: wh was only one of the chemicals in th saccharin-cyclamate-CHA compound cor demned? If you wanted to measure th danger of smoking a cigarette while fill ing up a gas tank, it would be hard to d it without the cigarette. Or the gas.

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSO

Berrigan and Berns

Okay now, usually I like the stuff you pu in your magazine. (I subscribe, don't I? But . . .

"The 'Essential Soul' of Dan Berrigan, by Walter Berns [Nov. 9]; that was sup posed to show Father Berrigan up, wasn it? Try again.

I mean, my God, lines like, "What sor of sentimental nonsense is it that tells man to be *civil* in his disobedience to government he regards as absolutely cor rupt?" If Professor Berns would bother t read Matthew V, 43-48, or Luke VI, 27 35, he would find out exactly what sort o sentimental nonsense it was.

Believe this: I never cared much fo Dan Berrigan's sermonizing before, bu Professor Berns's hatchet job on hir caused me to rethink my views on him— in Berrigan's favor.

Allentown, Pa. DON SCHENI

Was Stalin Human?

I am sure Ferdinand Mount is right i assuming Stalin "wasn't even kind to ani mals" ["Lenin's True Heir," Jan. 4]. There is "one instance of . . . affection," how ever, on record. When his first wife

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ekaterina Svanidze, a simple and devout eorgian peasant, died at a young age, emashvili, a former classmate of Stalin's the seminary, though a Menshevik, atnded the funeral. He reports in his memrs Stalin's "heartfelt anguish" and reords his words as follows: "Soso," he adessed Iremashvili, "this creature softened y stony heart. She is dead and with her ave died my last warm feelings for all iman beings."

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dams and von Mises

s a rebuttal to Mildred Adams' article on ofit sharing, I wish to set forth the folwing excerpts from Ludwig von Mises' ook, *Socialism*, under the subtitle Pseudo-Socialist Systems":

"Either private ownership in the means production is a necessary institution of iman society or it is not. If it is not, one in or must abolish it, and there is no ason to stop halfway out of regard for e entrepreneur's personal interests. If, owever, private property is necessary, it eeds no other justification for existing, id there is no reason why, by partially olishing it, its social effectiveness should e weakened.

"The friends of profit sharing think it ould spur the worker on to a more zealis fulfillment of his duties than can be pected from a worker not interested in ie yield of the undertaking. Here too, iey err. Where the efficiency of labor has ot been diminished by all kinds of socialt destructionist sabotage, where the workcan be dismissed without difficulty and is wages adjusted to his achievements ithout regard to collective agreements, no ther spur is necessary to make him inustrious. There, in such conditions, the orker works fully conscious of the fact iat his wages depend on what he does. ut where these factors are lacking, the rospect of getting a fraction of the net rofit of the undertaking would not inuce him to do more than just as much s is formally necessary. Though of a difrent order of magnitude, it is the same roblem we have already considered in kamining the inducements in a socialist ommunity to overcome the disutility of abor. Of the product of the extra labor, ie burden of which the worker alone has carry, he receives a fraction not suffiently large to reward the extra effort."

lushing, N.Y. JENNIE MANTIONE

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Senatorial countdown: by New Year's Day five senators, three Democrats (**Harold Hughes, Alan Bible, Sam Ervin**) and two Republicans (**Norris Cotton, Wallace Bennett**), had announced they wouldn't run in November. To even matters out, a Democrat (**Howard Metzenbaum**) had replaced a Republican, Attorney General **William Saxbe**, as senator from Ohio. Metzenbaum incidentally sent IRS a check for $118,000 in disputed back taxes two days before he was named. . . . Republicans think they have good chance of winning Ervin's seat with former St. Louis Cardinals' pitcher **Wilmer** (Vinegar Bend) **Mizell**, now a GOP congressman from North Carolina. . . . **Ramsey Clark** is still talking about running for **Jacob Javits'** seat in November and says he won't accept any contribution of more than $100. . . . *Wall Street Journal* believes **John Lindsay** will hold off until '76 and then run against former Yale Law School classmate **James Buckley**. . . . Former Attorney General and everything else **Elliot Richardson** has signed on with the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars where he is doing a study on federal-state relations, but taking time off for plenty of speechmaking. Down Massachusetts way they think he plans to run for governor as stepping stone to a presidential try in '76 or '80. . . . Congressman **Wayne Hays** (D., Ohio) has his eye on **John Gardner** and charges Gardner's opulent Common Cause will provide the springboard for his presidential leap. (In first nine months of 1973, Common Cause took in over $4 million, spent just under $700,000 in lobbying expenditures.) . . . **Evans & Novak** pick as their dark horse Democratic candidates for '76: Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** of Texas, a moderate who has managed to stem a threatened bolt by conservative Democrats to the Republican Party; Arkansas Gov. **Dale Bumpers**; and Ohio Gov. **John J. Gilligan**. Bentsen, incidentally, has started to make foreign policy noises; is believed to favor restored relations with Castro Cuba.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Do I detect a slight political slant in the French fashion houses' spring designs?"

■ Would cold houses and empty car tanks lead to anti-Israel sentiments in the U.S.? Many Jewish organizations feared so but the latest **Gallup** (taken between Dec. 7 and 10) shows Americans were more sympathetic to **Israel** then (54 per cent) than in early October (47 per cent). . . . The House has voted down an amendment to the energy bill by New Hampshire Republican **Louis Wyman** that might have taken care of the current gasoline shortage. The Wyman amendment would have permitted car owners, in all but 13 high density areas of the country, to strip pollution controls from their cars, thereby increasing their efficiency. . . . Wouldn't you know the bureaucrats would have thought of it? The **National Federation of Federal Employe** is urging that government wor ers go on a four-day week. . . Mayor **Teddy Kollek** of Jerus lem, in recognition of Dutch su port of Israel, is renaming a Jer salem square "People of t Netherlands Square." . . . Prin Minister **Michael Manley** of J maica has suggested that the producing states have a two-ti price system and sell petroleum underdeveloped nations at a lo er price than to the industrializ nations. . . . And in **Britain** whe factories and stores are on three-day week (Monday, Tue day, and Wednesday, or Thu day, Friday, and Saturday) t unions are making motions abo demanding overtime for the Sa urday work.

■ On the conservative calendar: t ACU's major 1974 **Conservative A tion Conference** at Washington's Ma flower Hotel January 24 to 26 starri Govs. **Ronald Reagan** and **Meldri Thomson,** Sens. James Buckley ar **Carl Curtis**, White House Aide P **Buchanan**, Rep. **John Ashbrook**, ar columnists **Stan Evans, Kevin Phillip** and **William A. Rusher** (for info, wri to American Conservative Union, 42 First Street S.E., Washington, D.C 20003). . . . Also in January (2 through 27) in Rio de Janeiro, the Se ond Conference of the **Latin America Anti-Communist Confederation** (CAL (for info write Guillermo Olivas, Pre Secretary, Av. Las Americas 13 Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico).

■ On with **Zairification**: Regional o ficials of the late Belgian Congo hav been ordered by President Sese Sek Mobutu (late Joseph Desiré) to recru permanent tom-tom beaters who wi hereafter greet visiting heads of state with ceremonial 21 tom-tom salutes.

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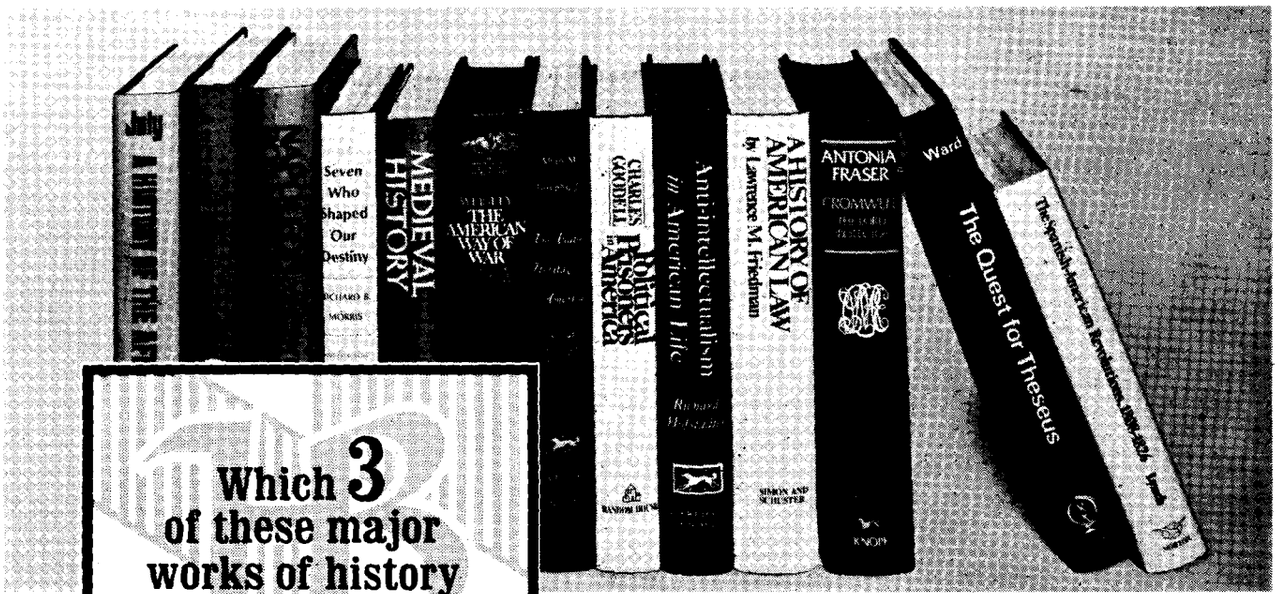

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THE WEEK

■ Of 1.8 million tax returns audited last year, 1.3 million contained "errors." The IRS estimates that 5 million potential taxpayers didn't even file a return, costing the government some $6 billion. Tax experts outside the IRS say the loss from nonfiling was closer to $30 billion. Meanwhile, the IRS agents are busy trying to keep over 100,000 oil producers and distributors from stockpiling "unreasonable" amounts of oil products, or from charging "excessive" prices. The definitions of "unreasonable" and "excessive" are presumably determined by what the agent had for breakfast that morning. UPI quotes a stabilization official as saying, "If the guy on one corner is selling at 55 cents a gallon and the others in the neighborhood are selling at considerably less, then you've got something to complain about." Wouldn't it be easier all around just to drive to the other corner?

■ Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, floated a trial balloon on behalf of a planned economy at a meeting of the American Economic Association. "If the government is going to be as much involved in details as it's becoming," suggested Mr. Stein, then we may need a huge coordinating agency, like Japan's 500-person Ministry of International Trade and Industry. "There's the Cost of Living Council and the Federal Energy Office. God knows who or what we'll have next." With academic jobs in short supply, Mr. Stein's suggestion is bound to be welcomed by other economists.

■ Another first for Richard Nixon. When he flew the friendly skies of United to California the flight was apparently the first ever made by a President on a scheduled airliner. Although his security entourage was dismayed, Nixon was absolutely delighted with himself. He saved all that precious gas and, as one presidential aide said, "scored points with the public." But if Nixon's really interested in saving gas, he'll take the advice of Steamtrain Maury Graham, a hobo: "If President Nixon was to travel to Key Biscayne by freight instead of jet, think what an example he would be to the nation." Mr. Graham has even offered to show Mr. Nixon the ropes.

■ The Wisconsin Human Rights Commission has struck a blow for human dignity by ruling that a trucking company could not cancel the lease on a truck rented by a couple because the wife drove it to California with another trucker who didn't happen to be her husband, and because the lady had told some other truckers who asked her to move it "where to go in no uncertain terms." Addressing the latter point, the human rights people noted that "if all truckdrivers . . . who have ever told someone 'where to go' were forever precluded" from driving, trucking companies "would have to terminate business due to lack of personnel."

■ Judge John Sirica is *Time* Mag's Man-of-the-Year. His contribution to American justice derived from sentencing seven men with spotless records to terms in jail of approximately 30 years each for petty burglary. Subsequently he reduced those terms, and discarded as frivolous the arguments of lawyers for two of the defendants (Hunt and Barker) insisting that the pleas of guilty had been so substantially vitiated by what was pried loose by the Ervin Committee that new trials were in order. *Time* had to choose someone connected with Watergate, the big news event of the year if you don't count the world energy crisis and the collapse of detente. So it was —we hear—a close struggle between Judge Sirica, and Whatsisname, the night guard who very nearly made Man-of-the-Year for noticing that some Scotch tape had sealed shut the lock on Democratic National Headquarters at Watergate. The latter would have been a better choice, depriving us of *Time*'s tacit endorsement of judicial extortion as an instrument of torture. Remember this: if it turns out that John Dean was lying, then tracing the self-serving perjuries back, you end with Judge John Sirica wallowing in lies decocted from all that mess for the sole apparent purpose of appeasing Judge Sirica, whose appetite for Nixon's scalp may indeed prove to have been the greatest of the year, and that really *does* single him out.

■ Widely recognized as the definitive voice of the President's survival in office, Senator Barry Goldwater had his hand on the lanyard but did not quite release the guillotine blade. "I don't think it's Watergate," he said in a *Christian Science Monitor* interview, "as much as it's just a question in people's minds of just how honest is this man. . . . We have a nation of 210 million people who need leadership and need it badly. . . . I think that only time is going to tell whether or not Mr. Nixon can climb back up that ladder. And I would say that we can't say this morning whether or not he's even started back up it." Some detected small twitches and jerks of the executioner's hand.

■ Almost imperceptibly in recent weeks, leading Senate

The Eternal Liberal

Though you and I may pale as we
Read Solzhenitsyn's history,
For liberals, it takes a Hun
To make the gastric juices run;
Or, lacking Huns, few pastimes please
Like blackening the Portuguese.
But marching on Pretoria
Induces sheer euphoria.

W. H. von Dreele

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Waste Watcher Israel Proler—he collects steel cans by the millions

Israel Proler is one of America's new breed of waste watchers. The Chairman of Texas-based Proler International Corp., he is concerned about America's environmental shape. And he is doing something about it by reclaiming everything from junked autos to used tin cans.

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Steel the recycled material

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liberals have been abandoning their McGovernite positions on national defense. Neither Senator Kennedy nor Senator Mondale objected in recent debates to current levels of Pentagon spending, though a couple of months ago such objections would have been routine. Alan Cranston of California withdrew his amendment to cut defense spending, as did non-McGovernite (but frail) Hubert Humphrey. Senator Kennedy, moreover, and doubtless to his own astonishment, found himself speaking to the AFL-CIO about "our nation's excessive reliance on the strategy of detente." Senator Mondale, for his part, voted for a reasonably firm Jackson amendment about U.S. troops in Europe. Why these shifts? 1) The slowly growing appeal of the Jackson candidacy, and the consequent necessity for his rivals not to allow him to preempt the national defense issue; 2) the current military and political exposure of Israel, and the fact that the Jackson position is beginning to attract substantial Jewish support within the Democratic constituency.

■ Like fathers, like sons. Speaking at the American Historical Association convention in San Francisco, Michigan State Professor Henry Silverman said the radicals of the Sixties were the progeny—literally and figuratively—of the radicals of the Thirties. "There seems to be a parental connection that binds the two eras together in an almost blood relationship," said Silverman. Many of the professors who taught the Mark Rudds and Bernardine Dohrns were themselves the Rudds and Dohrns of the Thirties. Although Silverman said the movements differ in some aspects, both share a disdain for earlier liberals, a belief in Marxist ideology, and a penchant for antiwar activities; both movements also died abruptly. The professor expects that campus radicalism will recur. The sons of the Rosenbergs now teach college in Massachusetts.

■ Israeli voters had a dismal choice this New Year's Eve: the ruling Labor Party had lost popularity because of the Yom Kippur war, and the only viable opposition, the Likud group, is too hawkish even by Israeli standards. With most of the returns in, the voters seem to have accepted the government's apology for its "fatal mistakes": the Labor Party has lost four or five seats in the Knesset but retained its plurality. It will now be more dependent on its coalition partners, chiefly the National Religious Party, which is opposed to any withdrawal from the occupied West Bank. All of this will make the Geneva talks even harder. The probability is that the government will have to lead the opposition toward tractability by letting all of Israel suffer from attrition at Geneva: look for a long, long session.

■ In 1948, Communist pressure at East Berlin's Humboldt University moved some of its students to migrate to West Berlin, where they founded the Free University. During the cold war the University was a proud symbol of Western resistance to Communist tyranny, as cold warriors used to call it. Now its hundreds of truculent Maoist and Marxist students have managed to reduce it to the condition of Berkeley in the mid-Sixties. How? By taking advantage of recent "reforms" under which every professor, student, and groundskeeper has a single vote in selecting departmental policy-making councils, and by engaging in what the university's president describes, a little incongruously, as "rude and at times terrorist activities." University officials, fearing that disciplinary measures would alienate the "moderates," have passed the buck to the city parliament, which in turn has relayed it all the way to Bonn. Happily, the West German Constitutional Court has now trimmed the students' powers, and unreform may be on its way back. Democracy in action.

■ South Africa has never given its semi-autonomous Bantustans control over seaports within their boundaries, presumably because they might let in "freedom fighters" and weapons from abroad. But last month the Bantu Administration Department recommended that Transkei, South Africa's first Bantustan, be given Port St. Johns, on condition that it relinquish its claims to four other white enclaves. Pretoria may overrule the Bantu Administration Department and Chief Kaiser Matanzima may decide the other enclaves are more valuable than Port St. Johns, but the fact that the recommendation was made at all is heartening.

■ Amnesty International informs us of the plight of one of Nationalist China's foremost writers, Kuo Yi-tung, known to his countrymen as Po Yang, now in prison. Kuo is described by a scientist friend in America as a fervent democrat, patriot, and anti-Communist, as well as a brilliant satirist in the vein of Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw; he may be remembered, one day, as the greatest Chinese author of his time. But he has now been in prison for five years as the result of a lampoon against the government of President Chiang Kai-shek. His arrest was secret; the charge of treason was bogus; and government officials tried—in vain—to extract from him false confessions of pro-Communist activity in exchange for his freedom, before giving up and sentencing him to twelve

La Toilette

Mr. Nixon ran a tub;
Though it's full enough to scrub,
Washing has become a strain
Since there's leakage down the drain.
Recently, he stuck his toe
In the drain to stop the flow,
But the effort left him wan:
Now the spigot won't turn on.
Still, the water won't go "glug,"
Unless Barry pulls the plug.

W. H. von Dreele

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years' imprisonment. As friends and supporters of the Republic of China, we are grieved at this injustice, and hope that Mr. Kuo will soon be restored to his rightful portion of that liberty the love of which forms the bond of loyalty between the free peoples of China and America.

■ For the past few years blacks have been very big on what used to be practically all-white campuses—and now black colleges are feeling the pinch. Predominantly white colleges in both the North and South have been wooing and winning the brightest black students and best black athletes, while black schools like Grambling, Morgan State, and Tennessee State all are suffering declining enrollment and financial pressures. Ten years ago Governor George Wallace personally blocked the entrance of black students into the University of Alabama; this school year Alabama has had blacks starring on both the basketball and football teams. What's more, last fall's Homecoming Queen was both black *and* female.

■ It looks like the college kids of the Seventies are getting into weird things. First of all they seem so apathetic about things like radicalism. A few years ago a student-taught "radical critique" at Boston University was assured an overflow audience; this year it's "withering on the vine," as one prof phrased it. In other schools, courses in Far Eastern and occult religions are fading out of sight. Instead the kids seem to be interested in Christian and Jewish studies, of all things. Throughout the country those in the trade say students are choosing courses that will lead to a job and security. (Law and medical schools are inundated with applications.) At the same time, says the *New York Times*, "interest in the solid, traditional, and 'basic' humanities—the classics, Shakespeare, philosophy—is still strong while courses that are politicized, highly abstract, or theoretical about social issues are less popular." Wow. Unlock Junior—it's time for him to go to school.

■ Nothing to it. A few Bostonians would row out to the *Beaver*, let out a few war whoops, pitch a few crates in the harbor, and everybody would cheer as the Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773 was re-enacted. Nothing to it at all. Then spokespeople for the Indians showed up to announce that the re-enactment would be degrading to Indians. So much for Indian garb and war whoops. The Left showed up as the People's Bicentennial Committee, pledging to stage its own re-enactment by dumping empty oil drums into the harbor to protest oil companies, call for the impeachment of President Nixon, and start another revolution. The Disabled American Veterans, dressed in suits, ties, Indian warbonnets, and painted faces, protested the Left's protest, and tried to tie a couple of the city's planners to a stake to instruct them how to hold a re-enactment. The PBC threatened to attack the city's re-enactment boat with its boat, which is twice as big. The DAV threatened to dispatch its frogmen to scuttle the PBC vessel. The Salada company withdrew an offer to donate 500 pounds of tea to Boston harbor when the Sierra Club claimed that dumping the tea would cause pollution. When Boston gets around to re-enacting the battle of Bunker Hill, they'll probably use live ammunition.

■ You have been wondering about the fate of pro-life amendments offered in the wake of the Supreme Court's abortion ruling? Well, several are stalled in the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments. Eight members of Congress have addressed a letter to the American Catholic bishops, noting that the amendments are likely to remain buried without a strong national effort in their behalf and urging the bishops to support "the most reasonable and practical means available to discharge an amendment, that is, to urge House members to sign the only pro-life discharge petition pending in Congress, the Hogan discharge petition."

■ Save your grocery bags. They are so scarce that grocery chains are beginning to offer trading stamps or pennies to buy them back and reuse them. After you have saved half a dozen or so, you will find them useful for

Trog, *Punch* Rothco

. . . When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel . . .

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carrying enough money to the grocery store to make your purchase.

■ Sorry to report, quail eggs and pitted sweet cherries are all but unavailable, truffles, capers, and Alaska king crab have skyrocketed in price, and the Hogle Zoo in Salt Lake City urgently needs 80 dozen earthworms to feed its baby boa constrictors. Nobody is safe from inflation.

■ Whom do the nation's sports fans trust? A group of national advertisers, anxious lest they put their blades, beers, and popcorn poppers in the wrong hands, commissioned a poll to find out. And the list was dominated by retired baseball players: Stan Musial, Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Sandy Koufax, Ted Williams. That's nice. What's even nicer, the *least* trusted include tell-it-like-it-is types like Muhammad Ali, Joe Namath, and Howard Cosell. Now we can look forward to seeing Stan the Man, Mickey, and Yogi lathering up again, just like in the Fifties.

■ The White House has pledged to hold, repeat hold, federal spending to $288,000,000,000 next year, the largest forcible confiscation in the history of mankind and by far the most destructive force in American life. Avid readers may have caught the story back there in the shipping news.

■ Why is everything scarce in this land of plenty? Because government money isn't scarce, that's why.

Whodunit

In the scramble to shift the blame, many apologists for government are accusing the major oil companies of conspiring to create the shortage. Brit Hume's "The Case against Big Oil," which appeared in the *New York Times Magazine*, traces the shortage to September 1972, when the major oil companies imported "only one-third of the additional crude oil the President had authorized," and continued "to run their refineries below capacity for the rest of the year." In fact, the President authorized an increase in 1972 imports only *at the expense of* the 1973 allowance. The refineries ran 3 per cent below theoretical "full capacity" because of mechanical repairs, or because they simply couldn't get enough crude oil to be refined and marketed profitably at controlled prices.

"Major firms have fixed prices and coddled each other," writes columnist Garry Wills, "squeezing out smaller competitors." Actually, it is government that has fixed prices and squeezed out smaller refineries and dealers. Under Phase II, according to a recent Senate staff study, "independents were caught in the cost-price squeeze between their increasing costs (including imported crude oil) and restricted price increases (2.5 per cent if justified)." In each of the three years ending in 1971, the Senate study reports, the independents gained an additional 1.5 per cent of the gasoline market. Even in 1972, only one of the top ten oil companies increased its share of the market. Some squeeze.

Sam Love, lobbyist for Environmental Action, writes in *The Progressive* that the oil industry "is recording profits that have increased a record 47 per cent since 1972." The 1969 reduction of the oil depletion allowance was not a factor in the shortage, says Mr. Love: "In fact, oil profits surged—but the shortage materialized nonetheless." The "surge" in profits shows up clearly in the Federal Trade Commission's figures on after-tax profits from petroleum refining, as a percentage of sales: 1966—11.2 per cent; 1967—11.0 per cent; 1968—10.7 per cent; 1969—10.1 per cent; 1970—9.3 per cent; 1971—8.3 per cent; 1972—6.6 per cent. Even a sizable *percentage* increase in the latter figure is hardly enough to make investors rush out and build refineries: 47 per cent of nothing is nothing.

Ultimately, the price of crude and refined oil is constrained by the price that can be squeezed out of the final user. There is ample competition among the thousands of service stations, and past attempts to raise pump prices by central decree (e.g., April 1970) have resulted only in widespread price wars. If oil majors could somehow agree to restrict gasoline supplies without the help of government enforcement, though each has an incentive to sell as much as possible, new entrants would be drawn into the field by the opportunity to undercut the cartel price. Besides, it is hard to believe that Exxon and Texaco are more concerned about losing sales to tiny rivals than about losing sales to Shell or Getty. The idea that majors are using monopoly power to obtain monopoly power is, well, rather confused. And if the oil majors already have monopoly power, why did they wait until now to use it?

Senator Henry Jackson has warned the oil industry that "you are going to see some of the most punitive legislation in 1974 ever adopted by the Congress against any one industry." Someone has to take the rap, and it certainly isn't going to be Congress. But the oil companies could hardly be blamed if they moved their headquarters to countries with a more favorable business climate—like the Soviet Union—and started phasing out their U.S. operations.

White House Tapes: Cont'd

The contents of key White House tapes bearing on Watergate are not, it now develops, to be made public, even though they have been made available to the special Watergate prosecutor, and even though Republican office holders had been promised disclosure as a measure to restore voter confidence.

The public statements surrounding this decision seem to be couched in a kind of Aesopian language. Deputy press secretary Gerald Warren said that release of the tapes "could lead to confusion in the minds of the American public." At the same time, unnamed White House officials have been quoted in the press as saying that the material in the tapes "could" be interpreted as indicating

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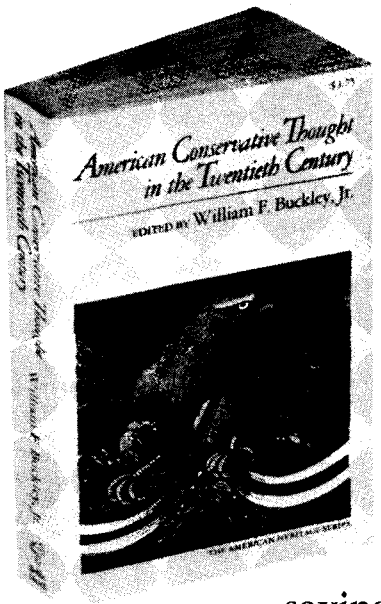

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that the President was aware of the coverup prior to March 21, when he himself claims first to have heard of it. That all of this does not represent a new White House view is suggested by the fact that the President himself said last summer that the tapes could be "misinterpreted." Such persistence of apprehension may suggest that the White House never in fact intended to disclose the contents of the tapes.

The timing of the announcement, however, is not uninteresting. It came during the Christmas season and coincided with Nixon's carefully staged trip to California on a commercial airliner. One reading of this concatenation of events is that Nixon is in effect pleading *nolo* on the coverup. The most plausible inference is that the tapes, while not containing hard evidence of Nixon's involvement in the criminal obstruction of justice, do contain material that could be "misinterpreted" as suggesting that he was aware of it. The Christmas season timing of the announcement of what was probably intended all along takes advantage of the traditional season of good cheer. The trip in the airliner removed Nixon from his semi-regal trappings and made him temporarily "one of us," i.e., not perfect. This series of Nixonian gestures could therefore be translated as follows: "Okay, I had some involvement. Everybody believes I did anyway—and as a matter of fact, they are right. There are some fishy things on the tapes. But nothing that would give grounds for my indictment—notice that the prosecutor has the tapes. Hell, it's Christmas and we all make mistakes, so how about letting me off the hook?"

Solzhenitsyn: Man of the Year

With the publication in Paris of *The Gulag Archipelago*, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's struggle with the Soviet system reaches a climax of almost unbearable intensity. On the one side is this great writer, armed with his genius, a kind of colleague of Tolstoy, and also with his religious faith, his integrity, and his astounding courage. Arrayed against him is the entire Soviet totalitarian-imperial system, from Mr. Brezhnev on down: the secret police, the bureaucrats, the Party organization and the Writers' Union, the censors, jailers, and torturers, the admirals, generals, and border guards, Smersh, the Soviet delegates to the Committee on Human Rights, the editors of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. The remarkable thing is that against these odds Solzhenitsyn is not only holding his own, surviving, being heard, but perhaps winning. *The Gulag Archipelago* is a stunning political act. It will not bring down the totalitarian structure, but it does damage it, and the damage is of a sort that cannot easily be repaired.

The book consists, in its brilliant foreground at least, of a detailed and devastating account of Soviet police terror and the bestiality of the prison camp system during the period 1918-1956, including an account of Solzhenitsyn's experiences during his own 11-year sentence to the camps. The "archipelago" of the title refers to the police system, a state within the larger state, islands of concen trated terror, yet, and this is Solzhenitsyn's point, reflect ing the true essence of the larger state itself. Here i life within the archipelago:

> Sukhanovka was the most terrible prison the MG] had. They used it to terrify prisoners; and interrc gators hissed out its name ominously. Those wh had been there weren't subject to further interroga tions: they were either insane and talking only dis connected nonsense, or else they were dead.

But here is life "outside" the archipelago:

> As Tanya Khodekevich wrote: "You can pra freely/But just so only God can hear." And for thes verses she received a sentence of ten years.

Or:

> You are arrested by a religious pilgrim who ha stayed "for the sake of Christ" with you overnigh You are arrested by a meterman who has come t read your electric meter. You are arrested by a b cyclist who has run into you on the street, by a rai way conductor, a taxi driver, a savings bank em ployee, a cinema theater administrator. Any one c them can arrest you, and you notice the conceale maroon-colored identification only when it is tc late.

The archipelago is a state within a state, yes, but als a totalitarian prison inside a larger totalitarian prison.

Ever since the supposed end of the cold war, it h been fashionable to pooh-pooh the concept of totalita ianism as developed earlier by Hannah Arendt and ot ers. Solzhenitsyn returns us to it with a vengeance. He before our eyes is the thing itself. As Arendt wrot "The concentration and extermination camps of tota tarian regimes serve as the laboratories in which th fundamental belief of totalitarianism that everything possible is verified . . . the means of total domination a not only more drastic but . . . totalitarianism diffe essentially from other forms of political oppressi known to us such as despotism, tyranny, and dictatc ship. Wherever it rose to power, it developed entire new political institutions and destroyed all social, leg and political traditions of the country." Solzhenitsyn book, however, is a political bombshell because it is n only, or even centrally, about the *past*, about "Stalinisn as distinguished from "Brezhnevism" or some other lat mutant. Solzhenitsyn's voice sounds from inside the wha His point is that the police system remains the centr institution of the Soviet state, that the system of repre sion is structurally inseparable from the Soviet syste itself.

The publication of the book constitutes an act dram tizing that truth. The manuscript was completed son years ago. Last August, the police arrested a woma who had a secret copy and subjected her to a lengtl and brutal interrogation. When she was released, s hanged herself. Solzhenitsyn reasoned that since t police had a copy anyway, he might as well publish t book—in Paris. Some thaw.

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It is part of the supreme drama of these circumstances ıat the entire tyrannical system cannot now defeat him. t can arrest him, and by so doing prove his point. It an put him in a "sanatorium." It can torture him and ven kill him. But any option it chooses can only further ramatize its true nature. Solzhenitsyn has struck a blow ıat the totalitarians cannot really parry.

One further quotation from *The Gulag Archipelago* annot be omitted here: "In their own countries Roose-elt and Churchill are honored as examples of states-ıanlike wisdom. To us, in Russian prison discussions, ıeir systematic shortsightedness and stupidity stood out ; astonishingly obvious. How could they, in their de-:ent from 1941 to 1945, fail to secure any guarantees hatsoever of the independence of Eastern Europe? How ɔuld they, for the laughable toy of a four-zone Berlin, ıeir own future Achilles' heel, give away broad regions Saxony and Thuringia? And what military or political ınse was there in the surrender by them, to death at :alin's hands, of several hundreds of thousands of ·med Soviet citizens determined not to surrender?"

Again, the analytical double focus. That is about 1945, ıt also about 1974. Solzhenitsyn is the man of the year, e man of any year.

Jnrealpolitik of Father Dan

ıe world is used to hearing Daniel Berrigan denounce e U.S. as a "fascist superpower." It was not prepared r his recent denunciation of Israel as "a criminal Jewish ɔmmunity." Many, especially Jews, construed his re-arks as antisemitic; and a peace organization called ·omoting Enduring Peace, which had planned to give m its Gandhi Award, considered canceling the sched-ed presentation (he resolved the matter by refusing it). ıt Berrigan is no Jew-baiter; on the contrary. His out-ırst requires a different type of explanation than mere ɔstility to Israel, or to Jews in general; for it was of a ece with his tirades against America.

It is important to note the terms of his charges. Is-el's historic mission, he said, has been essentially ophetic: to "judge the nations," in the Biblical phrase. ıt she "has veered off into imperial misadventure," d "is rapidly evolving into the image of her ancient versaries." This is a favorite theme of Berrigan's: ıen we meet force with force, we descend to the level our enemies and become their "mirror image."

The idea appeals aesthetically and has a certain moral ıusibility. Christians, after all, are commanded to "re-t not evil," and they have the supreme warrant of their vior's example. But there are difficulties. Leave aside actical and strategic ones for the moment (is the cop ıo resorts to force the "mirror image" of the robber? Israel's annexation of the Sinai best understood as perialism, or as a way of ensuring its own safety?). ·en if Israel were a Christian nation, it would still be madness to hold a whole nation to the highest standards of individual conduct—not because men can never live up to them en masse, but because those standards simply don't make sense when applied that way. A man may renounce his own rights, even his life, for the sake of a greater good; he may not renounce the rights and lives of others for whom he is responsible—his wife, his children, or, if he is a statesman, his countrymen. Thomas Aquinas faces the problem with incisive wisdom: "Precepts of this kind . . . should always be borne in readiness of mind, so that we be ready to obey them, and, *if necessary*, to refrain from resistance or self-defense. Nevertheless it is necessary sometimes for a man to act otherwise *for the common good, or for the good of those with whom he is fighting.*"

Aquinas' emphasis, as the late Willmoore Kendall pointed out, is on the real good achieved by the decision whether to resist violence—not on legalistic adherence to an abstract rule, least of all when such adherence is thought of as a means of "acquiring" grace for oneself. One senses that spiritual narcissism, as Walter Berns remarked in these pages [*NR*, Nov. 9], in Berrigan's rather priggish way of speaking of "my conscience," "my essential soul," and in his writing books and plays to dramatize his own moral heroism.

The application of this disposition to international affairs, writes the British political scientist Kenneth Minogue, may be termed "moral nationalism," which "has been summed up in the conviction that 'our country's role is to be exemplary rather than powerful.'" This is exactly Berrigan's program for America, and for Israel, and even for (North) Vietnam, which he understands to be trying to build "a decent society": self-determination, and fastidious secession from the dirty realm of power politics, each country embodying socialist virtue in itself, and serving as a moral beacon to its neighbors. "Like many moral movements," Minogue continues, "this one involves a withdrawal into inner moral certainties, with a consequent refusal to take external events seriously. . . . Moral nationalism is thus one more maneuver in the long tradition of devices which are thought to do away with politics, seen as the selfish exercise of power." He concludes: "It is simply not a possible way of carrying on in the world."

Notes & Asides

■ OFFICE OF HAPPINESS ADMINISTRATION
Mr. William F. Buckley
NATIONAL REVIEW
Dear Happiness Patron:

It is my duty to inform you that in accordance with

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the recommendations of an emergency meeting of the President's Council of Happiness Advisers, this Office (OHA) has been instructed to implement at once rationing of happiness. Accordingly, each member of your family is authorized to have either

one (1) Merry Christmas
or
one (1) Happy New Year.

It is suggested that you co-ordinate your holiday plans with other members of your family (if any) or friends (if any) so that you can form happiness pools so as to maximize your happiness with greatest efficiency.

Persons, such as members of Congress, whose happiness is essential to the National Security may apply for increased rations. Also eligible for special allotments are persons with valid passports. Having voted No in the last election is not considered grounds for exception.

You will be pleased to know that this office (OHA) has launched a special study project to explore the possibility of substituting mirth and joy for happiness.

In the meantime you may send for a free copy of our recent booklet "Smiling and Other Involuntary Facial Movements—Their Cause and Cure."

Sincerely,
Richard C. Cowan
Minister of Happiness

■

November 10, 1973

Mr. Wes Gallagher
President, The Associated Press

Dear Mr. Gallagher:

On Sunday, November 4, I read in the papers, and then heard quoted on television, the statement that Senator Goldwater and I had predicted a "startling development" during the following week from the Watergate investigation, and that I had "predicted" President Nixon's resignation. I made no such allusion to any such development, and neither did Senator Goldwater in my presence. I have since checked with the Senator, and find that he made no such allusion after I boarded the plane. I am at a loss to understand how it is that we were so misreported. I'd appreciate having your explanation of this incident. Yours faithfully, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

November 16, 1973

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Associated Press President, Wes Gallagher, is at a meeting in Florida this week. Hence your November 10th was routed to me.

We did carry a story on November 3 under Wichita, Kansas dateline which apparently was provided by TV station KTVH of that city. A reporter representing KTVH, named Gary Moore, apparently spoke to you and Senator Goldwater when you were having coffee somewhere in Wichita. Moore quoted the two of you concerning developments in the Watergate investigation. Later we carried a story on our own out of Logan, Utah, quoting Goldwater as saying that neither of you ha made such a statement during the Wichita interview That story was circulated by the Associated Press o November 5.

After the Logan, Utah denial by Goldwater, the As sociated Press in New York tried to reach you for com ment and failed. That fact was in the Logan story. I ar enclosing a copy of the original story from Wichita as appeared on the wire. Goldwater's denial on the 5t was carried on the national trunk wire as well. Sir cerely,

Keith Fulle
Vice President an
Assistant General Manag

ENCLOSURES:

1. a336
Buckley-Goldwater 110
WICHITA AP—Sen. Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) an columnist William F. Buckley Jr. said Saturday the expected a startling development in the Watergate affa in the next few days.

They indicated they expected the development w come from U.S. District Court Judge John J. Sirica investigation into the missing White House tapes.

Neither Buckley nor Goldwater elaborated.

The 1964 Republican nominee for President ar Buckley talked to a television news crew that found the having coffee together at the Wichita airport.

Goldwater said he was vacationing. Buckley ha stayed in Wichita overnight after an address on Frida at Kansas State University.
2340 pes 11-03

2. a312
EDS: The story Goldwater refers to in the followi moved as a336 in the Saturday night report, Nov. under a Wichita, Kan. dateline.

Goldwater 260
LOGAN, UTAH AP—Sen. Barry Goldwater (R., Ari said Monday that neither he nor conservative publish William F. Buckley Jr. predicted a "startling develo ment" in the Watergate matter, as had been report over the weekend.

Goldwater told a news conference that he and Buc ley had been confronted by a newsman in a coffee sh in Wichita, Kan. Saturday. The meeting produced a sto in which the two were quoted as saying they expected startling development during the week, probably in t court of federal Judge John J. Sirica.

"This is an example of the media using faulty mat rial," Goldwater said Monday. "The situation was th Bill Buckley and myself were confronted by a report and asked if we would answer a few questions. We bo said we had nothing to say and the next day we hea this report . . ."

The newsman who supplied the story to the Asso ated Press, Gary Moore of television station KTV

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said Monday that when the men were asked about Watergate, both replied they expected developments within the next two or three days. Moore said that one of the two used the word "startling" in the exchange and that he was almost positive it was Goldwater.

Buckley was unavailable for comment.

December 6, 1973

Dear Mr. Buckley:

. . . I think you probably know without my stating it that the Associated Press is not going to misquote anybody maliciously; and if the Wichita TV station reporter was wrong, as Senator Goldwater says he was, then we regret it. But I think our story from Logan, which moved just as broadly and importantly as the previous story, is evidence of our good faith in the matter.

Sincerely,
Keith Fuller

December 13, 1973

Dear Mr. Fuller:

[Thank you for your letter, which] I consider to be a complete and satisfactory explanation of the event save possibly mention of what it is that Associated Press does about people who feed it misinformation. All the best to you. Yours faithfully, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

December 18, 1973

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Many thanks for your December 13th. To complete the record, let me assure you that those who feed the Associated Press false information are summarily drawn and quartered. Sincerely, Keith Fuller

Dear Mr. Fuller:

Would you be so kind as to advise me where I can send some flowers to the Widow Moore? Yours faithfully, —WFB

■ Mr. William A. Rusher

Dear Mr. Rusher:

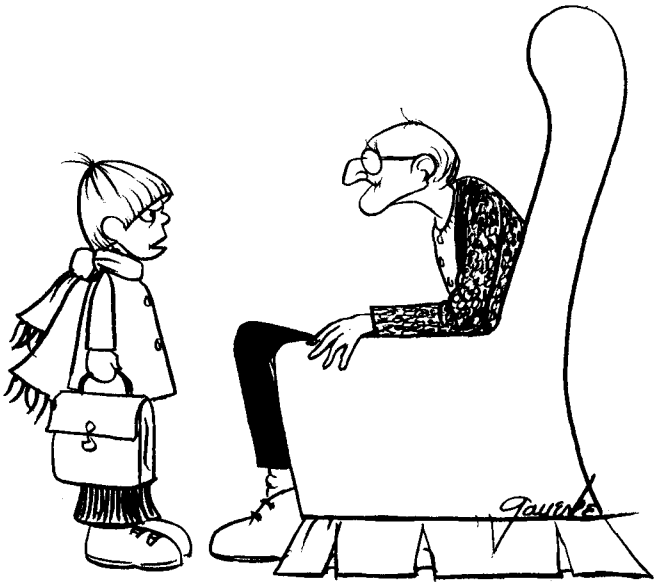
Now that cover has been blown, we are having a more difficult time executing the final phases of Project Superstar: The Selling of Rusher. Subsequently, we have moved from the loft into a warehouse, and "burly guards" are dissuading the curious.

The sweatshirts have just arrived. The "Thrill with Bill" motto is less pronounced than we expected (i.e., needs more speckled silver in the lettering), but Peter Max's likeness of you in an open throat ascot with a devilish grin turned out just right. The kids in Peoria will eat it up. As for the buttons, we took your suggestion and used both slogans, dark grey letters on a light grey background: "Don't Mess With Bill" and "No More Mr. Nice Guy." Moreover, the matchbooks and plastic wine glasses bear a like color scheme. (By the way, the Agency called concerning the "action ads." Since someone has already used the harpsichord thing, we think it appropriate if you would learn the saxophone.)

Bill Haley and the New Comets are doing the number we talked about. However, we are up to our ears in volunteers for the Rusherettes. Yes, I know you strictly said "No groupies!," but what can I say? With this kind of campaign you have to expect these things. I understand Glen Campbell has the same problem. He might give you some pointers.

Finally, we have a man at NBC who has given PBS the go-ahead for the Special. It will be a one-hour deal scheduled for next fall with you leading a singing choir of small children on a walking tour of the Upper East Side. I'll have more by the next planning session. (As usual, please leave the money with the laundry woman at Chi Ling's on East 36th and Lexington. Thanks.)

As ever, Ron Docksai
Chairman
Young Americans for Freedom
—WFB



"You may have had to walk 7 miles to school every day, grampa, but you didn't have to walk 7 miles to school every day for purposes of racial balance."

Letters to the Editor (1/4)

Donald A. Neidhardt the Second believes
Nixon's transgressions are awful as Eve's.
Clinton R. Parr travels further to say
Barry's been duped (or in liberal pay?).
But on the other hand, Frederick Montcalm
Views the indictments with nary a qualm.
Then there's the letter from J. Robert Drez:
All but George Will write "a whitewash," he says.
May I suggest, before everyone's gored,
Wearing a button for Reagan or Ford?

W. H. von Dreele

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Doing Something Right

IF YOU WERE NOT in San Francisco or Tokyo when the earthquakes hit, or in Naples when Vesuvius erupted, you cannot imagine the chaos that comes to Washington with a moderate snowfall. But it is a gentle and generally agreeable chaos. Snow on Washington's pleasantly radiating streets is one of the few things that reduce Leviathan to an amiable muddle. The snow, which muffles sound, also seems to sop up the energy of the federal city.

There are too few snow tires in Washington, and too many Southerners who are not used to driving on snow. The Washington metropolitan area has grown too fast for its own good (and certainly too fast for the nation's good) and, as a result, the expressways feeding the city are congested and out of date the day they are opened. During working hours Washington—the city itself—has the highest automobile density of any city in the nation. (And, sad to tell, it has the highest density of PhDs, which is a national, not a local problem.) But when it snows, as it did in the final hours of the first session of the 93rd Congress, half the cars (and, happily, half the PhDs) cannot get into the city, and those that do get in are disorganized.

Disorganized. Not a bad thing for a government to be on some occasions—like the onset of the energy shortage. The Administration has been acting a bit disorganized in dealing with that. Its highest officials seem confused; they seem to lack the vital information and to lack confidence in what information they are getting. The Administration's measures have been tentative half measures. Amid a general clamor for the Administration to "do something"—to do something bold and decisive, and to do it by the day before yesterday—the Administration has done very little and has not committed itself to doing much more in the immediate future. In fact, the most significant decision thus far has been a decision against doing something—against rationing gasoline. In fine, the Administration has been behaving well; the energy crisis has been very nearly its finest hour.

Every once in a while—not often, but occasionally—a problem comes along that serves the useful purpose of reminding us that there really are differences between the two parties, and it really makes a difference who wins elections. The Administration's response to the energy crisis has been a distinctively Republican response. The response has earned the Administration a great deal of criticism, much of which is a high tribute to the maturity of the Administration's approach to complex problems.

Mr. Nixon—directly through his own decisions, and indirectly through the sound men he has given responsibility—has earned credit he almost certainly will not receive. He had made so many wrong decisions, and trusted so many untrustworthy men, that it is hard to believe that he is doing anything right. But he is.

Who Would Ration?

The nub of the matter is gasoline rationing. Almost everybody in a position of authority—everybody but Mr. Nixon, Treasury Secretary George Shultz, and the so-called "energy czar" William Simon—believes two things: we "must" have rationing, and some one else must take the responsibility for imposing it. Most governors say we "must" have rationing, and they surely fall on their knees once a day to offer prayerful thanks to Providence that they are not in a position to impose it. Most congressmen and senators say rationing is inevitable, and soon they will get themselves sufficiently organized to do what they do best: ignore the fact that they have power. They will stop short of imposing rationing and, instead, will just give the President the power to do so.

When last we had rationing—when Ensign Nixon and 12 million other Americans were in the armed services—there were about 34 million motor vehicles in America. There are more than 120 million now. Since then the suburbs have dispersed the urban population in a way that has killed many bus systems. Agriculture has become more dependent on fuels. The railroads have atrophied. The interstate highway system has made long-haul trucking crucial to the life of the nation.

Rationing is being advocated by many persons who know it will be a mess. They advocate it because it accords appallingly well with the vague idea that lurks near the heart of the flaccid consensus that is progressive political thought today. The idea is that equity lies in treating everyone alike. Mr. Nixon is opposed to rationing primarily because he remembers the World War II experience, he understands the difference between America then and now, and he assumes, reasonably, that rationing would work much worse today than it did then.

Simon No Love

Mr. Shultz opposes rationing because he is philosophically and, in his quiet way, fiercely committed to using market forces to allocate resources. Indeed, in an Administration that has prided itself on the extent to which it has found philosophic commitments unnecessary Mr. Shultz is a curiosity: he is both the most philosophically serious and versatile Administration official. Mr. Simon is fortunate because he had an easy act to follow. His predecessor as energy czar, former Colorado Governor John Love, was really an energy Kerensky not up to competing on the Washington "fast track." But Mr. Simon has in full measure the brassy confidence without which no one survives in the upper reaches of Washington officialdom.

These three very different men are of roughly the same political persuasion. Or perhaps "persuasion" is not the right word; even it suggests something too explicit. What these men share is intuitions about the uses to which Leviathan can be put. Obviously if the energy shortage becomes severe enough, there will be some form of rationing. But if rationing is imposed, it will be done without zeal, without great expectations, in full knowledge of the limits of our knowledge, and after the limits of voluntarism have been explored. Surely that is the way the government ought to behave. □

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THE LIMITS OF HYPOCRISY

A British View of Watergate

FERDINAND MOUNT

WE SHOULD NOT push too far in attempting to determine standards nor be too harsh in applying them. The Senate in these proceedings should keep in mind the words of a contemporary poet from Kansas: 'And if we purify the pond, the lilies die.' "

This warning has haunted me throughout the prolonged unfolding of the Watergate affair. It fell six years ago, barely audible, from the wry lips of the then Senator Eugene McCarthy and left not a ripple in a crowded Senate on the moral rampage. Not "Clean for Gene" McCarthy, the monk manqué who was to stiffen the moral fiber of the Republic? The same. The pond to be purified on that occasion was the mess that Senator Thomas Dodd had made of his financial affairs. As readers now in their dotage may recall, the present writer reported the Dodd censure debate for NATIONAL REVIEW; it is hard at this distance of time to recall exactly what Senator Dodd was supposed to have done wrong—spent campaign funds on a few personal air trips and hotel bills, used the proceeds of a testimonial dinner to pay off a mortgage, was it?

Whatever it was, it did not appear to be against the law or to infringe any publicly promulgated code of conduct, nor had it aggrieved those who had subscribed their dollars for the political advancement of Senator Dodd. He hurt nobody, bribed nobody, corrupted nobody, did not interfere with the due process of law or government. At the very worst, it was alleged that he might have committed the moral inelegance of buying himself a few bottles of whisky out of campaign funds to entertain his friends. Yet his fellow legislators almost to a man treated him as a pariah and affected incredulity and horror at the laxity of his bookkeeping and his morals. They allowed as how their own constituents, struggling to raise families and pay off mortgages, were deeply shocked by such goings-on. In Massachusetts, Mississippi, and Utah such proceedings were unheard of. In those abodes of purity never a dollar strayed from the office till to the liquor store. Judgment on Thomas Dodd was duly passed and executed. He failed to gain reelection and, I believe, died shortly afterward.

Those were early days. That light snowfall of cant has since swollen to a monstrous avalanche. And buried beneath it lies a genuine and permanent problem, the problem of ethical standards in politics and their enforcement. American conservatives have been much distressed by some of the proven facts in the Watergate affair, particularly those relating to Mr. Agnew. If European conservatives have been able to take a more robust view, it is only because it is not the health of their own polity that is at stake. This is not one of those cases where the spectator sees most of the game. Only by sympathetic involvement is it possible to understand the dilemma so hauntingly posed by Eugene McCarthy.

Some hypocrisy is inevitable in our political arrangements. We must have a code of behavior that assumes our rulers to be morally better than they are in order to keep them better than they might be. If you are a Maryland prosecutor, then it is your duty to enforce that code with the utmost rigor, even though trying to clean up Maryland may be like trying to purify Lake Erie with a shrimping net.

But a code of conduct ceases to be useful if its aspirations get too far ahead of reality; it becomes a dead letter, a hollow mockery. Its aspirations must be within the bounds of possibility; in other words, the ordinary, decent man must be able to live his life and do his work properly without being brought up against the limits of the code. It is one of the very sensible principles of the English common law that the law must not get too far ahead of social practice, it must reflect the broad consensus of ordinary men about what behavior is right or at least tolerable and what is not. Unfortunately, it is also one of the congenital penchants of the Puritan Anglo-Saxon tradition to pass laws in a fit of morality which cannot possibly be enforced; Prohibition is the classic case.

In both the United States and Britain politics has surely become less corrupt since the war. Legislators work harder, are more serious about their duties and in general less open to bribery than they were, largely because they are relatively better paid than they were and so have the room to move toward professional standards of conduct. Yet the public in both countries is now convinced that precisely the opposite is the case. Confidence in politics and politicians is on the wane, and I believe that one reason for this is the plethora of laws and voluntary codes that now clouds the most upright public man with a haze of suspicion, while presenting the dishonest with opportunities for prevarication.

A CODE of conduct may prescribe, for example, that every legislator shall record his net worth or his outside financial interests. Aha! so Mr. Snodgrass has $89,312 in the bank; where did he get that money from? Are you aware that only six months ago Messrs. Tupman and Winkle, plum-pudding lobbyists, put exactly $312 into the Caramba Bank in Mexico—strange coincidence, no? No, but the hasty newspaper reader may think it is. Aha! Mr. Pickwick, sponsor of the notorious Pickwick Amendment which forbids the importing of Congolese ball bearings, is in fact vice president of an engineering company. Never mind that the fact has been on record for 15 years and the company doesn't actually make ball bearings. The flung mud sticks. The Aha! factor permanently weakens its victim.

It is so much less trouble to launch a ferocious attack on the symptom than to analyze and deal with the cause. If we believe that big business exercises a disproportionate amount of influence upon government, it is an easy gesture to pass a law forbidding corporations to make big political donations, but it is bound to be counterproductive. For no flourishing power bloc will tamely submit to a sudden and arbitrary ex-

(Continues on page 100)

Mr. Mount, author of The Theatre of Politics, *is now at work on a novel.*

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THE NEW YORK PICTURE

Mr. Thomas went straight from college to a job as social worker in some of New York's worst areas. He's here to tell you that a lot we've been told about welfare is not so. He's got some ideas about reform, too

The Welfare Dollar Goes 'Round and 'Round

CLAYTON THOMAS

THE WELFARE ROLLS in the United States currently number 15 million Americans, and the annual cost is approximately $20 billion. But welfare is not just statistics. It is synonymous with poverty, and poverty means drugs, crime, and deteriorating cities. A drug addict dies on a lonely Harlem street. A building superintendent bashes down a door in a dank tenement and rapes a woman. A welfare mother screams obscenities because she cannot get the money to feed her children.

Despite the massive social and economic effects of welfare, no solution seems forthcoming, partly because sharply conflicting analyses logjam reform. Liberals see the problem as economic: those on relief are excluded from the mainstream, unable to help themselves; higher payments are in order. Conservatives see the problem in moral terms: those on relief are "cheaters" and "loafers"; financial cutbacks and stricter regulations are in order.

Some of the contradictory attitudes are no doubt illusions believed by various people for political or personal reasons. My own opinion is that there are indeed many myths about welfare, and that these must be exploded before a solution to the problem of public assistance can come into sight. Among the most significant are these:

► Welfare is an economic phenomenon caused by a lack of jobs.

► The rapid growth of Northern welfare rolls results from the immigration of blacks and Puerto Ricans who, frustrated in their search for jobs, are forced onto the welfare rolls.

► Welfare clients are disabled by their social environment and will leave the relief rolls when they are given better housing, education, job training.

► Welfare clients are not loafers, cheaters, and baby producers, and their aspirations and values closely resemble those of middle class working people; but because of social deprivation and alienation, they have never had the opportunity to get jobs and become self-sufficient.

"Unemployable"

During a year as a caseworker in the New York City Department of Social Services (formerly known as the Welfare Department), I dealt with hundreds of welfare clients—black, white, and Puerto Rican—in all welfare categories. I pounded the pavements of hard-core ghettos and visited dilapidated tenement apartments, welfare hotels, and boarding houses. My own experiences did not support the above myths.

Although welfare regulations required that single employable individuals (Home Relief) look for jobs, only two of the 60 on my caseload made any effort to find work. The rest turned down employment, avoided interviews and job training like the plague (they usually got sick on the day of their appointment with prospective employers or job counselors), and tried desperately to produce medical excuses indicating that their ability to work was limited or that they were incapacitated.

In one case, a white welfare client admitted to me that he was physically able to work, and he subsequently passed a city health examination with flying colors. Then, apparently panicking at the thought of a job, he brought in a letter from a physician stating that he had numerous ailments and was not employable. (The doctor who had written the report specialized in welfarites and mentioned that this patient would be coming to him for a substantial amount of treatment.) The welfare department, fearing legal suits if they made the man work and it turned out that he really was ill, decided to classify him unemployable. When I asked him about his sudden change in health, he merely looked at the floor, shuffled his feet, and said nothing.

A Puerto Rican male on my caseload, classified as employable until he brought a letter from a doctor alleging a disabling kidney ailment, somehow maintained an excellent wardrobe; once he was picked up by the police for robbery and held for five days; after his release he explained to me that "I had no idea this friend of mine standing next to me in the department store was stealing all that stuff. I thought we were

Mr. Thomas is writing From Welfare to Wall Street.

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just going in to do some legitimate shopping."

In another case of health impairment, a white client had been badly slashed with straight razors and left for dead on a desolate street. After intensive hospital care he recovered, but he claimed that the psychological effects of his "accident" incapacitated him for work. By his own account, however, he did have the energy to hunt down black and Puerto Rican addicts and beat them with a lead pipe. (He was eventually arrested and held on $20,000 bail.)

Fifty-seven of my 60 Home Relief recipients had no job histories within the previous three years that I could verify, and only two could qualify for unemployment benefits. When I suggested to one client, who had complained that he could not find work, that he might be able to get a position as a janitor, he replied, "You can go f--- yourself, Mr. Thomas, if you think I'll do s--- work like that." This man, who had deserted his family, eventually found a job of his own: he sold narcotics.

Most of these clients came in off the streets and were narcotics and cocaine addicts, alcoholics, and prostitutes (male and female). Others were referrals from hospitals (often addicts) and prisons (usually addicts and/or pushers).

Home Relief clients and narcotics addicts were the most dangerous to deal with, and employees in my center were periodically beaten for refusing to give them funds to which they were not entitled. On the other hand, the welfare center's guards frequently beat up recipients (usually frail ones), and one floored a female supervisor one day with a punch in the face. Another was arrested for selling heroin to the welfarites. Though nearly all of them were black or Puerto Rican, they hated the recipients and the system itself. One, a Negro, told me, "Rockefeller and Lindsay give these f---ers assistance, but they won't give us a decent salary. The best way to clean up this city is to assassinate the mayor."

Welfare mothers had fundamentally the same attitude toward work as the Home Relief clients. Nor were they interested in gaining employment skills. Only one of 30 mothers on my caseload could be persuaded to apply for the Work Incentive Program (WIN), then voluntary, which granted cash incentives and baby-sitting fees to trainees, and only gradually reduced a woman's welfare payments once she found a job. Of those who enrolled in WIN citywide, only 10 per cent finished the course; of these, only a small number took employment. Why such a poor success rate? In my opinion, many mothers enrolled only for the extra cash and for a variation in their daily routine. Then, as time went on, they began to resent the restriction on their freedom, and they quit. A mother of four told me, "I'll go to school or job training, but I don't want to work."

From such experiences, I concluded that supplying more jobs would hardly resolve the welfare problem, or even significantly reduce the rolls. On the contrary, the rolls would remain static, because the vast majority of welfarites would do whatever they could to escape the employment created for them.

How, then, do sociologists manage to conclude that welfarites want to work? My guess is that, after years of interrogation by their caseworkers, welfare clients know full well what values they are *supposed* to have, and how they are supposed to respond to questions posed by middle class interviewers. When asked how he feels about working, the client automatically responds, "I want to work." I ran into this phenomenon constantly on my job; some recipients even falsified their life and work histories according to what they felt was expected of them, and I often held erroneous views of a welfare family's status because of the fabricated answers I got. Researchers do not realize that welfare clients feel psychological pressure to conform, or to pretend to conform, to traditional middle class values.

Migrating to Jobs?

Another mistaken theory, as I mentioned, is that blacks and Puerto Ricans generally came north in search of employment, and were instead forced onto the relief rolls by the shortage of jobs. My own experience is that they generally migrated specifically to get public assistance. Two years ago, when food budgets in New York were reduced 10 per cent by the state legislature, an irate mother of five told me, "If you people keep cutting back the budgets, I'll tell my relatives in Puerto Rico not to come over here." A black client told me, "I want to go back to the South, but the welfare there is way too low. The only way I would do it is if I got my New York welfare checks sent down to me in South Carolina." When I told her that was impossible, she decided to stay in New York. A carload of prospective clients drove straight through from California and arrived, one day, at the front door of my welfare center, got out of their jalopy, and got right on the rolls. They made no bones about it. Ronald Reagan was cutting back welfare in California, and they had come to New York for higher payments.

Many advocates of welfare fail to realize that migrants from the South and Puerto Rico are far better off in New York slums than in the hovels from which they came (four to eight times better off, in dollars). But the point is not lost on the South and Puerto Rico. A white welfare employee with friends in Mississippi and Louisiana told me, "The Southerners are laughing in their boots as the blacks flow north for welfare. They're only too glad to let us have them." And the local government in San Juan has erected signs in the slums: "Go to New York and Have the Baby Free."

What Causes Slums?

The civic-minded, alarmed by the degradation in which welfarites live, often call for new housing. The usual assumption is that dilapidated neighborhoods result from the negligence of slumlords. But I found the primary reason the sheer active destruction by tenants themselves. A member of the mayor's Hotel Task Force, who spent his time rehousing hotel welfarites in apartments all over New York, told me: "The continuing decay of the city and the condemning and razing of city blocks is due to welfare recipients. The working poor have a stake in their property, and they care for their homes. Welfarites don't. They know that whatever happens, the welfare department will take care of them." Welfarites, I found, move into neighborhoods, bring crime and violence, rout the working poor and middle class, occupy the buildings, then physically destroy them. The process takes only a few years; the cycle merely begins anew when welfarites are moved to new housing, as is now happening with low income model housing and Model Cities buildings.

How does the destruction occur? One family with 12 children was rehoused

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four times. Each time, one of the children, a firebug, burned down their accommodations. In another case, a mother of four who wanted better housing simply burned her own apartment down. A physically ill welfare client who had lived four years in the Hamilton Hotel, one of the first of a series of welfare hotels to be condemned in the city during 1971, gave this account of how his building deteriorated: "About a year ago, the management formally opened the doors to welfare to get more money. That was the end of the place. The clients burned out whole wings of the structure. Most of the people are addicts and prostitutes. We have muggings and murders in the hallways. The junkies ring the fire alarms to attract the guards to one area of the building and then break down doors, beat and rob people in another. I've seen the kids bashing away at the marble on the walls with hammers." Why do they do that? "For the same reason that people climb mountains. Because they're there. These people aren't civilized enough to live in organized society." A black welfare recipient who lived in the Broadway Central Hotel told me: "Last week they gang-raped the maid on the seventh floor, and two nights ago a seven-year-old was raped on the fifth. I can take the rats, Mr. Thomas, but I can't take the people. I have to barricade my doors at night to stay alive." Equally shocking accounts were given me by members of the Hotel Task Force.

In order to visit the homes of my welfare clients, I entered what were, undoubtedly, some of the most dangerous neighborhoods in the world—the South Bronx, Harlem, and East New York. I dodged addicts in doorways, confronted heroin users about to "shoot up," and was followed through lonely streets by muggers eager for my wallet. Other caseworkers in my center were less fortunate; they were assaulted, robbed, and, in one case, held down on the top floor of a dilapidated building and injected with heroin. It is hard for most of us even to imagine the day to day terror in which slum residents live. One family, living in a building that seemed to be on the verge of collapse, told me: "The addicts trade drugs and shoot up every night in our building. Last week we heard a bad fight in the hallway at about 3 A.M. The next morning, when we got up, a corpse blocked our front door. The man had been stabbed to death." I once ran for my life from a hotel, pursued by one of my own clients, a huge, crazed black man who assaulted and robbed the other tenants, but was tolerated for a time by the terrified couple who ran the place.

Reform-minded people often hope that better schooling for the children of welfarites will prepare them for jobs and a decent future. But unfortunately the decline of ghetto schools has paralleled the rise of the welfare rolls and the expansion of slum areas. The role of the teacher is no longer to teach, but to maintain at most minimal order; as one teacher put it: "My two jobs are to keep myself alive and to keep my students alive." Drugs, crime, and violence permeate the junior high and high schools in poor neighborhoods. A talented 12-year-old welfare child, going to a half-black and half-Puerto Rican junior high school in Manhattan, said: "I keep quiet in the classroom and don't make trouble. That way the teacher gives me Bs. The troublemakers get Cs and Ds. Whatever I learn, I learn on my own. I'm under a lot of pressure to take heroin, and kids try to beat me up because I won't. The high school I'll end up going to is worse. I hang out with the white kids, who get in much less trouble." A Puerto Rican mother, whose two children attend a primary school in the South Bronx, told of a gang war among 12-year-olds that resulted in one child's being shot in the face.

To exacerbate the situation, poor parents have recently grown self-righteous and militant toward established authority. Discipline is next to impossible. One teacher told me: "Whereas, in the past, parents would be angry at their children when they got into trouble at school, most blacks and Puerto Ricans vent their hatred on the system when the kids do something wrong. The children are rarely taken to task."

Abuses Unchecked

A recent survey revealed that the working American tends to see welfarites as loafers, cheaters, and baby producers. Despite the protestations of many social commentators and politicians that this is an unfair stereotype, my own experiences support this view. Cheating was virtually universal. One mother of six, who had secretly moved to New Jersey, came into the city for over a year to collect undeserved public assistance checks at a Manhattan mailbox. Several of my clients held full-time jobs they had not acknowledged. Others were getting financial support from boyfriends or fathers of their children and did not report it. Some recipients had gotten on the rolls at a number of different welfare centers and were receiving from two to six checks at a time.

The computer checkup system which was designed to detect such abuses was in a state of chaos. Even when fraud was somehow discovered, welfare officials in my center, fearing that they would be held responsible, took no action against the offenders and quietly ordered the records sent to the dead files.

In one case of gross embezzlement, a supervisor was so infuriated he decided to prosecute; but when he brought his evidence to the courthouse, the Assistant District Attorney asked him to drop the charges, explaining that the strong support the clients would get from groups like the Legal Aid Society would make the litigation interminable. Besides, he added, his office had to deal with more important criminal cases than welfare offenses. The charges were dropped. Two days later, the family was back at the social service center demanding assistance. Payments were quickly resumed.

In most court cases, ironically, it was not the welfare department but clients themselves who did the prosecuting. One man who had concealed an income double the amount of his welfare payments demanded, upon being detected, a hearing. He flatly denied the facts, which welfare officials proceeded to establish. The court ruled against the client, who, enraged, threw a chair at the judge. A supervisor then had to grab the recipient in a hammerlock to prevent further violence.

The "missing" father of a welfare family turned out to be living at the family address, fully employed, and claiming the family as dependents on the tax form. Armed with full proof, the caseworker terminated the mother's checks—whereupon she demanded a hearing. She claimed in court that her husband had deserted her since the termination. The welfare department, caught off guard, had no way of proving otherwise. Payments were ordered resumed. When the husband's name was referred to the Division of Legal Services for tax evasion, the detectives

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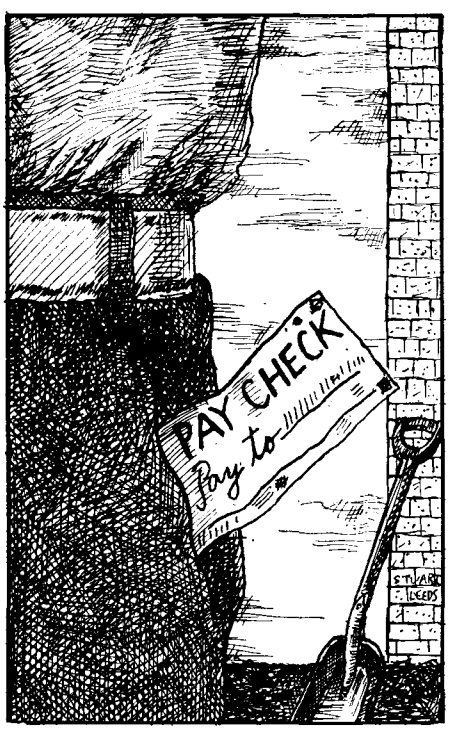
showed no interest in pursuing the matter. Contrary to City Hall press releases, the Legal Services Division showed the same reluctance to track down missing fathers of welfare children.

These cases typify the casual fraud and belligerency of welfare clients, but they also point up the fantastic craving of welfarites for their checks and the difficulty of getting them off the rolls. Welfare has become a social right as unchallengeable as the right to life itself. Such fraud was actively assisted by the mayor's aides. Pro-welfare organizations, like Mobilization for Youth and the West Side Community Alliance, constantly put pressure on the city to give illegal grants to bitterly vociferous clients. Lindsay's appointed political officials, especially Jule Sugarman and his associates at the Human Resources Administration (which governs the city welfare system), usually buckled and ordered the money handed out. In one case, a welfarite decided he wanted an apartment for which the rent was far in excess of normal public assistance levels. Rather than waste time with the welfare department, the man opened a small bank account and purposely bounced $450 worth of checks for the rent, security, and broker's fee needed to secure the accommodations. While the various defrauded parties considered legal action against him, anti-poverty agencies pressured city administrators to help him out, and I was finally ordered to issue welfare funds to cover the bogus checks.

In another case, when a political aide authorized illegal grants of money to a public assistance family on my caseload, I asked the director of my welfare center to complain to the Human Resources Administration. He did. The response he got over the phone was "Lay off these people." This answer seems natural enough, since the welfare mother involved had a long list of appointed officials to call whenever she needed help. Once I was even directed to give money to an unauthorized alien who was being deported, even though welfare officials at my social service center admitted he was totally ineligible for funds.

Fraud is now harder than ever to expose, since the new income maintenance affidavit system has all but eliminated checkup visits to welfare homes. A prospective recipient simply comes into a welfare center, states his case, signs an affidavit form attesting that the facts he has given are true, gives some documented proof, and the checks start rolling off the computer. To qualify for further aid, he has only to reappear periodically to reiterate his need for funds.

When it came to reproducing children, welfare clients justified the worst suspicions of conservative cynics. Not only were there many children; in large families, there were often many fathers. Instances of deserting husbands were rare; transient boyfriends begot most of the children, and mothers usually claimed they knew little or nothing about their vanishing mates. Some children resulted from casual pickups. I had no success in getting any of the mothers on my caseload to practice contraception. Exasperated, I finally asked several Puerto Rican mothers if their resistance was on religious



grounds; the answer was always a flat no. Most of the welfare mothers were single and knew about contraceptives; but apparently they just could not be bothered to use them.

The high birth rate would be less disturbing if welfare children were raised in a healthier atmosphere. But though a few mothers showed great concern for their offspring, most let their four-year-olds roam the streets unattended and left their children home alone. Physical violence and child abuse was commonplace. I observed whippings and clubbings of three- and four-year-olds, and saw one infant picked up and thrown across a room. One welfare mother's boyfriend would hold her five-year-old daughter's hands over the flames of a gas stove for punishment; eventually the child's fingers became maimed lumps of scar tissue. Another mother poured boiling water over her small son; the social worker told me that this was not a serious enough abuse to warrant placing the boy in a foster home.

Many social theorists think that a father's presence would help to stabilize public assistance families. Accordingly, the welfare department tried not to break up mothers and their lovers. But it is doubtful whether this theory is entirely realistic; in many cases, the presence of the lover was clearly a negative influence on the family, but the mother —out of loneliness, simple affection, or an inability to handle his brute force— *did not put him out. One woman got* a new hairdo and hat to celebrate when she heard that her common law husband had died in a gutter.

Costs Grow and Grow

Though welfare requirements in New York have been made more stringent over the past two years, the cost of the welfare program continues to grow. This is largely due to increasing rents and medical costs, and to the general inefficiency of the system; college-educated caseworkers have lately been replaced by incompetent, untrained, and often truculently lazy affidavit clerks, and the recently installed computer system is chaotically disorganized.

Moreover, the Lindsay administration's claim that the city's welfare rolls have stopped growing in the past year is hardly credible. The welfare employees I have talked to do not believe it. One told me, "While I'm not in a position to judge citywide, I've seen no letup over the past year and a half of people getting on the rolls. As far as I am concerned, the 'freeze' is merely statistical manipulation." This is in accord with my own experience as a caseworker: I kept close track of the activity in my center and during the periods when City Hall was claiming "zero" growth, I saw no change in the number of new cases accepted for welfare. To deepen the mystery, the *Times* reports that the middle class exodus from the city is continuing; it is difficult

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to believe that those who leave are replaced only by others who are employed rather than by welfare clients. Furthermore, poor Puerto Rican families continue to pour off the planes at city airports. If one accepts the administration's claim, it is hard to explain where these people are going and how they are supporting themselves. (The "freeze" may simply be an illusion created by the new system's inefficiency in registering new applicants and the computer's zeal in arbitrarily closing old cases.)

There are now various compulsory programs for those welfarites who are able to work, and the principle involved has found support in a recent U.S. Supreme Court decision. But even if the city had the will to enforce these, it would still lack the means. Besides, the programs are so inefficient as not to be worth their expense. The Work Incentive Program, for example, has succeeded in getting only 2 per cent of those mothers registered as eligible off the welfare rolls.

During the latter half of 1973, the retiring Lindsay administration has made a last ditch effort to influence federal policies and the new Beame mayoralty with its political attitudes toward welfare. Numerous statistics and studies have emanated from Jule Sugarman's office. One done recently by the Rand Institute and the city, and reported in the *Times* under the headline "Welfare Clients—Working When They Can," purports to show that approximately 40 per cent of the families on welfare in New York City have some family member working and use relief to supplement that income in order to survive. In addition, the study claims that the constant turnover of cases on welfare indicates the relief population is not a static mass of people, parasites on the public purse, but in large part a group of individuals who use welfare during periods of hardship when they are temporarily unemployed; 43 per cent of all welfare dollars, according to the study, go to such recipients.

It is my opinion that these statistics do not in any way represent the reality of welfare, but are fabricated and promulgated at the taxpayers' expense for political self-interest. Civil service welfare workers, throughout the late 1960s and early 1970s, groaned with dismay as dozens of misleading and falsified studies that bore no relation to the phenomenon of welfare within the welfare centers poured out of the Human Resources Administration.

The Rand study "findings" were derived from an analysis of the 12-month period ending June 1, 1970, a time when I was employed by the welfare department. Contrary to what was reported in the *Times*, it was my experience, and that of dozens of other employees I worked with, that families acknowledging an individual working were extremely rare (I would estimate at most 5 per cent). Over a one-year period, in all my cases, only one family member was employed. While I assumed that some mothers and older children held part-time jobs, their employment illegally supplemented their welfare budget and was not part of any positive effort to become self-sufficient.

The notion that close to half of all welfare dollars go to families and individuals temporarily out of work is equally preposterous. Over a 15-month period, ending September 30, 1973, of 64,000 welfare families monitored by New York State, fewer than 2 per cent became financially independent of welfare. This is certainly a poor showing for a welfare population of which the city claims almost half is merely between jobs. Nor does it corroborate the Rand study claim that a good 15 per cent of the families surveyed were independent of welfare at the end of the one-year period. On the contrary, it was my experience that welfare mothers got on and stayed on the rolls. They had insignificant work histories and virtually no motivation for employment. Of those mothers completing the lengthy WIN job training program and securing employment, 35 per cent quit or were fired within 90 days.

Can We Do Anything?

What can be done about welfare? In my opinion, these steps must be taken before the welfare mess can be corrected:

► Welfare must be federalized, and payments made uniform throughout the United States. The present disparity of grants encourages migrations of the poor that will in time destroy the cities of the North. The trend of recent years to assume that clients will be on the welfare rolls for good must be reversed, and the concepts of employment, self-sufficiency, and social responsibility must form the foundation of any new welfare legislation.

► Welfare administrators must be given the authority and autonomy to enforce the system without interference from politicians and pressure groups. When welfare clients repeatedly told me to "f--- myself" as I tried to enforce regulations, they knew they could get away with it because they had the support of the local political system.

► Welfare payments to families should be frozen at current levels; mothers should realize that more children will not net them more money.

► Employable single individuals and mothers should be made to work; day care centers, to be run by public assistance recipients themselves, should be established.

► Work programs should not take priority over regular jobs in the public and private sectors; nor should the welfare departments assume the responsibility for finding welfarites regular jobs.

► Welfare mothers must be required—as a prerequisite for public assistance—to supply information about the fathers of their children.

► Rules and regulations in various areas of welfarites' lives (housing, schools, fraud, and embezzlement) must be tightened and enforced. Incidentally, the new rigor must be applied to blacks and Puerto Ricans as much as to whites; white administrators and politicians, I have found, often enforce higher standards for white welfare recipients than for nonwhites, apparently assuming the latter to be incapable of assuming responsibility or attaining self-sufficiency.

Built upon mythical foundations, twisted by power-hungry politicians, and deeply entangled by decades of labyrinthine bureaucracy, the current public assistance system threatens to remain a ludicrous farce of inefficiency, manipulation, and fraud. Through the kind of recipient it attracts and fosters, it is destroying our nation's cities, terrorizing the populace, disrupting the school systems, exacerbating racial hostility, and turning the middle class into a nomadic culture, constantly on the run from deteriorating neighborhoods, drugs, and violence. For the sanity and dignity of the people, poor, rich, and middle income, the issue of complete public assistance reform has to be revived at the federal level, and tough legislation must be passed and implemented through a totally new and rigorously administered welfare system. □

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The Mideast Emulsion

THE OIL WAR, like most wars, is a fairly intricate compound. Qualitative analysis discloses the following among its constituent elements:

1. *Arabs* v. *Israel.* Officially this is he content of the oil war. The Arab ıations (or "Arab nation," as Arabs ırefer) launched their oil weapon, heir spokesmen declare, in order to chieve the objective of their military ıperations by a strategy of indirect apıroach. By the oil boycott and selective ıil embargo, and by threats of still more xtreme applications of their novel veapon system, they will compel the inustrialized, oil-dependent Western naions and Japan to compel the Israelis ɔ withdraw behind the 1948-67 borlers. This strategy, like all strategies, has aws, but it is by no means irrational. To all it "blackmail" is sour grapes, though erhaps a useful propaganda device in ountering it.

However, we cannot accept this simle and straightforward account as a ıfficient explanation of the oil war. 'or one thing, in the conduct of the ar the "Arab nation" remains little ıore than an orator's flourish. In actual ıct the Arab states have not behaved s a unity or even as a cohesive coalion. Iraq and Libya have refused to go long with the boycott on the curious round that it is not really anti-Israel. ı the territory of the principal belligent, Egypt, oil operations of U.S. ɔmpanies have apparently proceeded ɔrmally, except at the height of the ghting. There is obviously no agreeıent among the Arab states—not to ıention the Arab Palestinians—on what ɔecific terms to propose for a settleıent with Israel. The policy of Syria, ıe second major belligerent, diverges ɔnstantly from Egypt's.

2. *Plain business.* The oil war can be ıderstood as a sharp business maneuver to raise the price of Arab oil very quickly and very much. So considered, it has been a triumph. The price of crude may not hold at the $16-plus a barrel it reached in the Iran auction last month, but it is certainly going to stay, from now on, at a level at least three times that of 1972.

There are, of course, dangers for the oil sheiks in this kind of business. All business is a two-way affair. The sheiks' jurisdiction over the oil the world needs is a colossal strength, but they have also colossal weaknesses—demographic, technological, military. Moreover, their jurisdiction over the oil supply rests, itself, on grounds that may some day prove flimsier than they now seem: rests on the rather abject acceptance by the Western powers of a doctrine of sovereignty that may come to appear ridiculous if many millions of persons begin really suffering from its consequences.

In the business finagling that is going on, it is not excluded that U.S. oil companies and the U.S. Government have also a role of sorts. By a variety of controls and restrictions, the price of petroleum and petroleum derivatives has been kept artificially low in North America, with resulting dislocations in the development of energy resources and more generally in the global as well as North American economy. The trauma of the oil war may promote, in fact already seems likely to promote, a saner treatment of energy resources.

3. *Arab muscle flexing.* By smiting the industrial nations hip and thigh with the oil weapon, the Arab rulers are presenting a bold, tough, powerful, dangerous image of themselves. This display is put on partly, no doubt, for their own pleasure in producing it, and for the enthusiasm it arouses in UN meetings. However, it is more particularly directed at their home audiences. The impoverished, miserable Arab masses and underemployed school graduates are infiltrated by multiple revolutionary movements as well as by general discontent. The rulers cannot keep in power—and keep alive—just by following accepted constitutional procedures and winning an occasional election. The explanation for the foreign policy moves of Arab (and not alone Arab) nations is almost always to be found, primarily, in the domestic situation; above all, in the effort of the rulers to maintain their own position of domestic power.

In the oil war, this principle is illustrated, in reverse, by the fact that the ardently revolutionary states—Libya and Iraq—stood aside, while the most conservative states, led by the very conservative rulers of Saudi Arabia, took the initiative. It is a large portion, though not the whole part, of the truth to say that the enemy against whom King Faisal and his associates in power are using their oil weapon is the assortment of present and potential subversive and revolutionary movements *inside* Saudi Arabia.

4. *Soviet intrigue.* Soviet strategy, as I have had several occasions to repeat, seeks geopolitical ascendancy in the Mideast. Though the oil war is not an outright Soviet operation and is in some respects contrary to Soviet prescription, Soviet influence, resources, and power are major and essential elements of the compound. Without Soviet arms the Arabs could not have begun Phase IV of the military war in October. Without the Soviet nuclear shield, the Arabs could not have begun Phase I of the oil war in November, because they would not in that event have been insured against military intervention by the Western powers.

Moscow is related to the oil war still more directly than by the more or less passive furnishing of arms and the nuclear shield. Under the rhetorical rules of detente the Kremlin's official declarations on the Mideast have paid their respects to peace and conciliation, but the enduring core of Soviet Mideast policy has been expressed less bashfully by the Arab language broadcasts from Soviet transmitters. The general line of these, during the past couple of years, has been highly inflammatory and fiercely anti-Western (above all, anti-U.S.) as well as anti-Israel.

It gives one to think: about, among other things, what, after the experience of the oil war, is now going to happen to those grandiose plans to develop the Siberian oil and gas fields as the solution to the energy problems of *our* future. □

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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

There's a Cromwellian flavor to the order the Junta is trying, only half successfully, to bring to Chile, and little sign, as yet, that it will be able to repair the ravages of Allendism

What the Junta Is Up To

NENA OSSA

"THE SITUATION is under control, but it's not good . . .," said Admiral Huerta's assistant at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. "Journalists and the public at large forget that Chile is living in a state of siege," said Colonel Ewing, the government's Secretary General, to a Chilean weekly. "We won the first battle. We are now prepared for the second, and willing to fight to the death," said General Oscar Bonilla, Minister of the Interior, to the foreign press. Privately senior officers agree that Chile is at war. Only from that perspective can the Junta's problems be understood.

The peculiar civil war that had already begun before the September 11 coup still continues; it can't be concealed by tight government censorship. A curfew is a curfew. The nightly shootings are real. Snipers in the vicinity of the Finnish embassy have killed soldiers on patrol. Others have been shot from the streets surrounding the Cuban embassy which was, from the time the Cubans left until very recently, administered by Swedish Ambassador Harald Edelstam—a Hollywood Cuban-style bandit, according to Chilean authorities; the Scarlet Pimpernel of the diplomatic press corps, according to much of the press. Ambassador Edelstam (since declared persona non grata) has denied that anyone was shot from the grounds of the Cuban or Swedish embassies. Wherever the shots come from, the truth is that the toll from sniper fire is two or three a night. How many of these are soldiers is not known.

What is clear is that the soldiers, feeling exposed and vulnerable (they are often shot by guns with silencers), have fired at figures in the dark streets and alleys who have not responded to calls to stop and identify themselves. (The dog and cat population of Santiago is dwindling.) The government warns that some extremists wearing stolen army uniforms are still in action. There have been some odd kidnappings. It's not only the soldiers wh are wary of the left extremists. In som of the shantytowns there is fear of re taliation against those who refused t play ball during Allende's three-year re gime. A worried woman in the Ren Schneider shantytown, one of the bleak est of the Santiago slums, told me "Fifteen agitators from here were jaile after the coup. They have all com back. Too many arms are still hidden The soldiers didn't look hard enoug when they were here. Arms wer thrown into sewers or buried. They'r still holding their secret meetings. W don't know what they're up to, an we're scared. They say they will wi out when the Russian planes attack What will happen to us if they do? Th soldiers should ambush and kill the ex tremists in the dark."

Marxist Countercoup

Is a Marxist countercoup in th works? General Bonilla would seem t believe it. "Santiago may be peacefu but the guerrillas are active in th south," ex-Senator Julio Durán told TV audience the other day. The que tion many are asking is whether Chil faces an armed insurrection or a Tupa maro-style chain of kidnappings suc as are now going on in Argentina. Wi the extremists act in the near futu or will they opt for a war of attritio A young woman from another shant town tells me that the undergroun Allendistas are counting on disaffectio of the enlisted men. They say the will eventually be mutiny in the ranl and at that moment the leftists wi strike. MIR (*Movimiento de Izquierd Revolucionaria*) has gone undergrour and is said to be almost intact. Its lea er, Miguel Henriquez, remains at larg Many individual Communists ha taken refuge in the various embassi

Mrs. Ossa is NR*'s Chilean correspon ent.*

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but the party structure remains. The bulk of the arms stashed away in the last months of the Allende government has not been discovered. And far too many of the foreign activists who were given a warm welcome in Allende's Chile are still around.

"They've all been shot," say the bloodthirsty. But the informed estimate is that not more than 3,500 people have died since the coup. (Swedish Ambassador Edelstam put the figure at 15,000; the highest *New York Times* estimate was 2,500. The government figure in late November was 1,060—probably too low.)

Allende in Retrospect

In retrospect, what of Allende? Was he a genuine democrat as his followers and admirers assert? Did he really believe he could lead Chile to Marxist socialism by parliamentary methods? Allende would seem to have gone further than this in a public statement of May 11, 1972, when he said: "Deriving [my powers] from the constitution I am personally responsible for the policies, administration, and economy of the country. If you wish to know where responsibility lies, you may be sure that it is with the president of the republic."

President Allende's disregard for parliament was more subtle than his indifference to the constitution and rather harder for foreign observers to understand since they are unfamiliar with the role of the Comptroller General in Chilean affairs. Superficially it would seem that parliament and the Comptroller General were in a position to keep Allende's Popular Unity from seizing power. But by use of the police force, which he controlled through the Ministry of the Interior, Allende was able in large part to nullify legal rulings he didn't like. The ordinary citizen could appeal to the courts, and even win a case against the government, but unless the police enforced the ruling it meant little. The rule of force obtained, and all the force was on one side. Only the military were in a position to redress the balance, and for a very long time the military kept hands off. The police were controlled by Daniel Vergara, Under Secretary of the Interior, a Communist Party member, who held office throughout Allende's reign. (He and many other members of the Allende government are now prisoners on bleak Dawson Island in the Straits of Magellan.) Vergara used his power to prevent the return to their legal owners of over 1,500 illegally seized farms and 300 illegally seized factories and industries. On another level Señor Vergara encouraged terror in that he saw to it that the crimes of violence committed by Allende's followers went unpunished.

In 1970, Allende signed a declaration undertaking to respect the constitution (it was the condition demanded by the Christian Democrats in exchange for the votes needed to confirm him as president). But time and time again Allende refused to sign laws voted by the opposition and to respect the wishes of parliament. The myth of Allende the democrat was not substantiated by his years in power. Ask any parliamentarian of the opposition and he will confirm this and remind you also of the paramilitary brigades camped in and around Santiago and other important cities; of attempts to infiltrate and subvert the armed forces; of riots, shortages, a crazy inflation, endless queues. In the final Allende years Chile was living through its own special kind of civil war, a war within Chile's territory but often directed by foreign pressure, foreign tactics, and foreign ideologies. It was a situation from which only a miracle or the armed forces could extricate Chile.

Allende was either a hypocrite or drunk with his own ego. The fact that he allowed vast quantities of arms to be smuggled into the country and put into the hands of Marxist paramilitary groups would seem to be proof of indifference to the constitution and, for that matter, to the will of the majority of the Chilean people. When Eduardo Paredes, then head of the Criminal Investigation Bureau, bypassed Customs in bringing in 13 crates from Cuba on March 11, 1972, President Allende explained that it was all right; these were works of art. The crates were taken to the presidential palace, as "presents from Fidel Castro to our president." Lists subsequently found in Paredes' safe confirmed what everyone had believed all along. The art was arms, the crates contained 30 machine guns, hundreds of pistols, and ammunition for them.

Was Allende under Castro's domination? Not according to a left-wing journalist who traveled widely with Allende and who accompanied Castro on his well publicized visit to Chile in 1972. He believes that Castro and Allende complemented each other; that it was never a case of domination. He wrote: "Allende believed that his battle was much more complex, subtle, and crafty [than Castro's]. Because there was no Sierra Maestra or Playa Girón [in the Chilean story—referring to Castro's guerrilla period and the Bay of Pigs], it required much more imagination for him to attain his goals. I think Allende admired Castro as one of the great political personalities of our times. But in some ways he felt superior to him as when he once said: 'I may not be Castro, but I can manipulate events. . . .' " Their friendship had its ups and downs. When Allende visited Cuba in 1965 after his third defeat in a presidential election, Castro dismissed him as too frivolous, of little consequence. At that time Che Guevara was the hero; Guevara and Castro still dreamed of lighting the torch of revolution in Latin America through subversive tactics. But Guevara died in 1967, and Allende's star was in the ascendant.

Castro's Cachet

Still, Castro remained critical. It was only when Allende arrived in Cuba at the end of his December 1971 world tour that Castro warmed to him, says the same left-wing journalist, who was in Havana at the time. "I would guess that their conversations were open and frank and that Allende told Fidel how well the Russians had treated him. They must have realized that they were lost *without the cooperation and help of the* socialist [Communist] countries. At least Allende and Castro felt then that they had to depend on each other."

A well known Chilean psychologist agrees with this diagnosis. "Allende's and Castro's personalities were complementary. Allende was a subtle politician, capable of maneuvering people and even institutions; a man of many parts able to deal with men of many persuasions. Castro, on the other hand, is authoritarian, idealizes the military virtues. His people follow him. He is the vital force, the Leader. Castro oozes vitality and action. Allende was an intellectual, a man of refinement, the democratic hope of the Third World. With a handful of revolutionaries, Castro defeated Batista; he was a commander who became a ruler and never lost his heroic image. They used each

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other, but Castro had the upper hand. He was the undisputed leader of Cuba; Allende at the end had only theories and failed plans to show. Allende, a vain and arrogant man, must have felt diminished by Castro. It was this psychological subordination that impelled him to agree to Castro's suggestion that he use paramilitary force to impose his Marxist dream on the Chilean people."

An important factor in the Cuban connection was Allende's daughter Beatriz, a brilliant woman and, like her father, a doctor. Beatriz married Fernandez Oña, the Counsellor of the Cuban embassy in Santiago. She was a Maoist in the late Sixties and an advocate of violent revolution. She also acted as one of Allende's three secretaries, had a desk immediately outside his office, a desk, it is alleged, more often than not occupied by her husband, Señor Oña. All Allende's visitors had to pass by that desk. A close friend of Allende says he loved his daughter Beatriz more than any other member of the family and that she had a "sickly adoration" for him. The relations between Beatriz and her mother reportedly were cool. When Allende died, Beatriz left immediately for Cuba. She has since traveled extensively in Europe preaching the anti-coup line, as has her mother. I happen to know that when Mrs. Hortensia Allende was in London she was never alone. A Cuban embassy car met her at Heathrow airport; Cubans moved her out of the hotel at which she had made reservations; they were at her side at all times when she entertained visitors.

Santiago Today

The climate in Santiago is entirely changed today, but the look of the clean, calm daytime streets could be misleading. The long queues have disappeared, there are no major scarcities, the people are allowed to work in peace and plan for the future, and 80 per cent of the Chileans like it this way. The contrast between what was and what is is probably best exemplified by the area around the Diego Portales Building, erected in 1972 for UNCTAD III (United Nations Conference on Trade and Development). In the early, permissive Allende years, open spaces in the area were turned into plazas for children and young couples. A people's restaurant catered to workers and their girl friends on weekdays, and served tea on Sundays. Artists set up a number of studios in the neighborhood, left-wing intellectuals flocked to the Quimantú publishing house. The House of the Blue Moon became the "in" coffee and theater club for avant garde youth. An ebullient world on the surface, but the patina was thin. Little by little it became apparent that the UNCTAD district, as it was now called, was turning into a hotbed of extremism. Cubans, Uruguayans, Brazilians moved into the San Borja apartment towers, a block or so away. Houses and apartments in the side streets became Mirista bastions. A web of camouflaged tunnels connected strategic buildings. From a yellow house in the area, gangs of young men harassed opposition students at nearby Catholic University. The Blue Moon became the hideout of most of the teenage drug addicts in town. Today all that is changed. The Diego Portales Building has been turned by the Junta into government headquarters. Wrought iron railings keep intruders out, armed soldiers question those who want to go in. Uniforms and machine guns are evident on all sides. Not a sign of marijuana or LSD. The Miristas have left. Students can walk by unmolested. Tenants sleep in peace at night. The dozens of mattresses found strewn around Diego Portales when the soldiers moved in have been replaced by neat rows of desks. Government employees work at them from dawn to dusk.

But will it work? Will the industry and energy now evident succeed in solving the many problems that are Allende's legacy to Chile? Is there the talent around, the imaginative drive? The Junta members and their supporters are working hard. Not even their detractors doubt their sincerity, or denigrate the honesty and will to sacrifice they are demonstrating in their attempt to turn Chile around. A great deal will depend on the caliber of the civilians they are able to enlist. "We are soldiers, not politicians," said General Bonilla. But many technicians who could help rebuild Chile's shattered, inflation-ridden economy left Chile in the Allende years; only a few have returned so far. Others are still leaving. The Christian Democrats, who helped vote Allende into power, have declared a hands off policy; they are taking the politicians' way out. In all fairness it is too soon to object to many of the government's actions, but there are qualms even in pro-Junta quarters. The deep hate and division brought in by Allende have not disappeared with Allende. They continue to fester, and the Junta's stern repression of the opposition has done nothing to temper them.

The Dilemma

Having lived completely detached from worldly affairs, and from Chileans in general, for so long, the military today cannot quite believe the magnitude of the corruption they encounter every time they break into the house or the safe deposit box of some Allende *compañero*. They are shocked beyond words. They believe they have saved Chile from hell, and are willing to go through any amount of sacrifice to cure the country's ills. The trouble is that en route they are also destroying a lot of what Chile was. The Marxists corrupted Chile and spread hate; military puritanism may soon kill laughter, fun, and art.

But if the Junta lets up—puts an end to the shooting—could it lead to a new Marxist Chile, this time Marxist for good? Opinions differ. One is reminded of the prophetic words of former President Frei before the parliamentary elections of March 2, 1973 the elections, incidentally, which to a certain extent precipitated the coup, the parties of the opposition having failed to get the two-thirds vote necessary to impeach Salvador Allende. What Frei said then, is doubly true now "Only a lunatic could want the presidency under the conditions in Chile today." □

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OFFICE OF INSTITUTIONAL SELF-STUDY

Brightness Is Beautiful

MAURICE HUNGIVILLE

Dr. Dudley W. Sprigman
President
Midwestern State University
Mason City, Illinois

DEAR President Sprigman:

Midwestern State University can take legitimate pride in the Affirmative Action programs to recruit minority students to this campus and to facilitate their progress through the university curriculum. The establishment of a permanent office of Affirmative Action administered by the assistant provost and staffed by the deputy assistant provosts for specific minority groups has enabled us to make rapid and substantial progress in our efforts to expand the land-grant spirit of service to every segment of society. Our deputy assistant provosts for black students, Indians, Chicanos, Cajuns, and Eskimos, along with the necessary supporting staff of facilitators, media men, and resource persons, are, I believe, a model administrative response to the pressing and urgent problems of the 1970s.

In spite of these efforts, however, there appears to be some evidence that certain segments of our land-grant community have not been given access to the full range of educational services that their special and diverse needs require.

Intellectuals have never attended Midwestern State University in large numbers, but a recent study conducted by the Office of Evaluation Services has demonstrated that approximately 200 of our 40,000 students might be so classified. This small, but not entirely insignificant, group has become increasingly militant on other campuses and a similar militance might be anticipated at Midwestern State. Thus far their militance has been limited to slogans ("IQ Pride" and "Brightness Is Beautiful"), but they are, as they say, coming out of the stacks and organizing to get a piece of the action. The presence of these special students, their increasing numbers on the MSU campus, and our traditional commitment to the special needs and unique aspirations of minorities suggest that Midwestern State might wish to implement affirmative action programs in the following areas.

1. *Recruitment.* Intellectuals, for a variety of reasons, tend to segregate themselves in such universities as Harvard, Yale, and other intellectual ghettos. Many of these youngsters have intellectual parents. They are, therefore, unable to pay the full cost of their educations. Culture, as we now know, has a poverty of its own, and some financial assistance must be made available if we are to recruit these students in significant numbers.

2. *Counseling.* The intellectuals tend to be excessively verbal, monodisciplinary, and predictably unprepared for innovative, multidisciplinary, problem-solving social science courses, as well as for self-actualizing enrichment courses in the humanities. They tend, for example, to have cognitive rather than affective orientations and to do poorly in creative experience projects. Many of our younger faculty members and resource persons have experienced the frustration of trying to teach these students. Thus an instructor in American history reports that one intellectual was unable to participate in breaking out of the "violence circle"—a creative classroom experience in which students join hands to form a human ghetto—and could not, therefore, involve himself in the affective experience of sharing the frustrations of America's historical victims.

I hasten to add that these students can, with proper counseling, overcome their backgrounds and participate successfully in a variety of classroom enterprises. One such student, who came from a deplorably intense intellectual family, achieved special distinction in his American literature class as a result of his sugar-cube model of Thoreau's cabin.

3. *Curriculum.* Although there is not yet a sufficient number of such special students to justify the establishment of a Department of Intellectual Studies, we might consider the development of a number of interdepartmental, elective offerings on Jefferson, Freud, Voltaire, and other intellectual heroes to whom these youngsters can relate. These courses, admittedly, would have little vocational value, but they need not be excessively cognitive in nature. One might envision, for example, a pilot project presented in the form of a "Thomas Jefferson Workshop," which would offer a variety of interpersonal activities, multimedia experiences, and slide shows that would integrate the cognitive and affective inputs. Such workshops need not necessitate the formulation of any new administrative structures. They might be offered through the Department of Integrated Studies at the 300 level, elective courses similar to the Seminars in Sexual Deviance that were developed in response to demands from our transvestite students.

The problem of the intellectual student will not, of course, be entirely resolved by administrative implementation of Affirmative Action in the recruiting, counseling, and curricular sectors. But affirmative action in these areas will permit the richly rewarding process of meaningful education to come to fruition. And it is precisely this that is both our historic mission and our present mandate.

Very sincerely yours,
Clemson L. Snopes
Vice President for Special Projects
and Director of the Office of
Institutional Self Study

Mr. Hungiville is Assistant Professor in the Department of American Thought and Language at Michigan State University.

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RUSSELL KIRK

Tribulations of College Presidents

A QUARTER of a century ago a considerable majority of American students still was enrolled at "private" colleges and universities. Today, more than 70 per cent of the students attend "public" colleges and universities. During the summer of 1973, a score of independent colleges closed their doors forever. More will vanish at the end of the present academic year.

Diminishing enrollment is but one of many difficulties encountered nowadays by the presidents of private colleges and universities. Recently your servant spoke at the annual meeting of the American Association of Presidents of Independent Colleges and Universities, and enlarged his understanding of the tribulations of college presidents.

AAPICU was founded only five years ago—the prime mover being Dr. John Howard, president of Rockford College. The important word in its name is "Independent"; the members labor to preserve the freedom and autonomy of colleges, which are exposed increasingly to domination by political powers. The institutions represented in AAPICU are diverse. The Association's president is Dr. David Andrews, of Principia College, related to the Church of Christ Scientist; the first vice president is Dr. George Roche, of Hillsdale College, originally Baptist; the second vice president is Dr. Rolf Weil, of Roosevelt University, an urban institution in Chicago's old Opera House; the secretary is Dr. Stanley Drake, of Ft. Lauderdale University, originally a college of commerce. The president of the biggest private university in the land, Brigham Young University, is a director, while many members are the presidents of very small colleges.

The common concerns of these gentlemen were suggested by the topics in the Association's formal program at this meeting. Dr. Roche talked about "Affirmative Action Revisited"—that is, the attempt of the federal bureaucracy to force colleges to enlarge (regardless of merit) the representation of "minorities" (especially women, a 51 per cent American minority) upon college staffs. A representative from the Federal Government's OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) told the presidents of Washington's plan for treating campuses as if they were industrial establishments, dangerous to enter.

President Weil suggested how a college or university may involve its professors in the governance of an institution, so as to forestall unionizing the faculty. For my part, I touched upon the duty of the college and the university to impart an understanding of moral worth to the rising generation.

Several college presidents declared that they now find it difficult to concern themselves with their primary duty of educating. Their days are taken up by negotiations with federal and state bureaucracies, troubles with alienated professors and radical students, recruitment of students in this time of diminished enrollments in every state, and desperately urgent fundraising. The members of AAPICU are a sincere and conscientious set, endowed with fortitude. They take arms against a sea of troubles.

Some of the colleges over which these gentlemen preside still will not accept governmental subsidies of any sort. Although this stand may double their financial perplexities, it does save them —for the present, anyway—from being bullied by the federal zealots of "Affirmative Action." All the presidents of AAPICU oppose meddling by the political powers with the curricula, personnel, and general policies of the Academy. They endeavor, too, to preserve the right of private benefaction to colleges, threatened nowadays by various proposals for tax "reform."

Even though America's independent colleges are diminished in numbers and resources, still no other country in this century retains so large a "private sector" in the higher learning. In no small part, the American character was formed by these institutions, from Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale to the many Catholic colleges that were founded in recent decades. If the independent colleges slide into oblivion, American freedom and diversity and ethical understanding must suffer irremediably.

The educational advantages which they still offer are large. With few exceptions, these colleges retain the humane scale—at least by comparison with Behemoth U. They are less directly subjected to winds of doctrine, educational fad and foible, or political illusions of the hour. It is possible for them to adhere courageously to religious doctrines, and to rouse the moral imagination of students. Often they remain genuine academic communities, in which the professors of the several disciplines can know one another, and in which students can participate genuinely; the senior scholars and the junior scholars are not opposed interests. They are not yet subjugated by Leviathan.

As I said to members of AAPICU no longer can the independent college guarantee its students, or their parents even a temporary immunity from the demands of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Yet the independent college, if it retains the courage of affirmation, still can offer that manner of intellectual discipline which teaches us what it is to be fully human. Those of the rising generation who obtain some understanding of moral worth may be trusted to withstand the follies of our time. If independent colleges hold to their old principle of the primacy of moral worth, they may win through.

NOWADAYS it may cost $3,000 to $5,000 a year to attend such colleges $12,000 to become a bachelor of arts or sciences, say. But if parents or students can earn or borrow the money that is no extortionate price to pay for being saved from the afflictions of the Lonely Crowd at Behemoth U. These "private" colleges long have conferred great public benefits upon this country at little or no expense to the public purse. Any *real* reform of taxation should enlarge, rather than diminish the opportunity for independent colleges to survive—whether through "tax credit" plan or some other device that might save colleges from dancing to Washington's tune.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Going Country

It was a shotgun conversion for me; infant baptism is somewhat more voluntary. WHN has gone country. The first big New York station to read a national trend. In Blooming Grove, WHN is also just about the only station that makes a consistent one-cushion shot off the ionosphere to my radio.

I have no musical aptitude. In church they let me tap one foot on the kneeler; hymn-singing, I can reroute a trained choir of 15 people. But I do understand words, and, for the first time, I could hear them. Not rock music's five or six gutturals—grunts that sound like they belong in a thought balloon on the painted cave walls of Altamira. The rock song tends to be all refrain and no stanza: lyrics are metronomic. Country music is minstrelsy. The songs are narrative, guitar as recitativo accompaniment. They progress, very often in a clear chronological sequence. People get old in country music. Regularly. Homeric, too, because it speaks—though sometimes with overmuch self-congratulation—of a nation's character. The themes are idiosyncratic and parochial. And conservative. It's music prepared for the new emerging majority, which majority, I must say, has the gestation period of a rhinoceros.

The epic romance characters have been recast: *Orlando Furioso* on Highway 66. The trucker, the thumb-trip banjo picker, the waitress: knight, troubadour, maiden. I have a friend who insists that waitresses simply *are* the American woman. There is a give-and-take across formica counters—service, talk, tips—that can epitomize our sensual traffic. The hero is transient, homeless; it's in his contract. "Sir Lancelot rode till, at nightfall, he came to a fair castle and therein he found a gentlewoman who lodged him with good will, and there he had good cheer for him and his horse." They follow, not grails, but bills of lading. And their best word music is names: Muskogee, Checotah, Verdigris, Shay. Maps are lyrical. It's located music; it has latitude and longitude. And it avoids the city like a four-lane bypass.

The characters are in society. Earners who know that strange pay envelope declension: FITW, SITW, FICA, FICAE. The headline issues—Vietnam, racism, drugs, Watergate—draw a bye. Neglected with benignity. And Jesus is mentioned. People get old, they also come to God: the percentage of conversions in country music would embarrass any established church. Rock music, an anticyclone, spins out to the nation's peripheries. In part there is probably an ethnic reason. Country has few black performers. You can see the contrast in dance. Rock dance counterposes two egos, often with closed eyes: separate and eccentric and violent. Narcissism, a sort of terpsichorean self-abuse. The country square dance is interrelated as capitalist economics. Egocentrism destroys it.

As with rock, as with whatever it is Frank Sinatra drones, 11 of a dozen country songs celebrate love. Our emotions are vicarious: meet a pretty girl, you expect guitars, percussion, and a full-time soloist in the background. But, unlike rock, country music is ten or 15 years postpubic. Rock represents an adolescent constituency: it plays to the first row of groupies. Country music is marital: the nuclear family set in a stable middle class civilization. "We're not the jet set, we're the old Chevro-let set." There is a good American pragmatism: "I got mine, I don't fool with the others, because I know where my bread is buttered." An infidelity carries serious overtones: the Sixth Commandment has jurisdiction. Children are traumatized. Rock, as music of the free-sex, free-abortion era, can't easily make love significant. Where there is no marriage, there is, by definition, no adultery. Provisional arrangements dissolve without consequence. When country women go off, there is a catalogue of things—household items, cats, dogs—left behind. Vocabulary transcends moon/spoon. The country singer has more verbal equipment; specificity is a prerequisite of art.

YET, despite the Middle American bric-a-brac, country music has a terrific sensuality. This explicit prurience is constant; rock music isn't half as raunchy. Several ballads are set in a double bed; country singers manage to appear stark naked on the radio. "Raise the shade and let the sun shine in, I want to see all of your beauty." "All" strips the woman nude. Hands touch "forbidden" places on the nubile geography of young girls who have "never gone this far before." People age, come to God, and get seduced. One woman is picked up in a bar: with the refrain, "Don't get any ideas," she gives ground right to her mattress edge. Prostitution, drunkenness, and illegitimacy are repeated themes. Indeed the whore has a special license to practice in country music. She's bighearted, of course,

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she serves as a prone stand-in for the departed or frigid wife. Prostitution, like the family, is lodged in a social matrix. Whores work at local houses of the Rising Sun; they aren't freelance call girls. The word "whore" is passed over, but euphemisms are sufficient: woman of the night; crimson lights; you've been with many men. These are ancient sins, passed on from father to son. Compared to the modern sins—bombs and drugs and institutionalized perversion—they have an odd, an almost patriotic gloss of virtue.

Country music is indifferent honest. I suspect that 50 per cent at least has been made of Naugahyde. Formula music: unfaithful wife plus motherly hooker times Jesus Christ and two broken guitar strings over a quart of diesel oil. The pastiche pastiched. And no country singer east of San Clemente can handle children. The tough, practical tone applied so successfully to sex and the working man goes limp when applied to anyone under ten years old. Then it's fuzzy rabbit and little cowboy time. Me and God, in that order, watching Scotty grow: something terminal contracted from Rod McKuen. But, these ulcers of sentimentality aside, the trend to country is both important and indicative. It's music of reconstruction. The nation certifying basic premises—home, job, faith—after a dangerous and anarchic decade when music was pre-eminently the tool of radicals. It's good. The trend that gave Nixon his mandate. That will survive his foolishness. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Dr. Chekhov and Mr. Papp

Anton Chekhov delighted in writing one-act farces and short stories and wrote them with facile invention. In fact, the Russian playwright, who in his own time and ours has been plagued by humorless, misguided productions of his major plays, once worried that posterity would remember him—compared to Tolstoy and Turgenev—as only "charming and clever, clever and charming, and nothing more." Last season, the Circle in the Square's finely acted *Uncle Vanya* balanced Chekhov's comic ironies and sufferings with a maturity rare in the American theater. This season, Chekhov himself is on stage—in the person of Christopher Plummer—in *The Good Doctor* at the Eugene O'Neill. The script is play doctor Neil Simon's, "adapted and suggested from [sic] stories by Chekhov." A. J. Antoon directed. The results: charming and clever, clever and charming, and not enough more.

On a stage framed with drab onion turrets and Byzantine twists, a Russian

folk band of concertinas and balalaikas greets incoming audiences, playing Peter Link's thinly sweet tunes like windup dolls. All reminiscent of director Antoon's mellow *Much Ado about Nothing* (which played on Broadway, and on television, last season). Plummer addresses us with winning affability and self-appreciation about a writer's consuming passion to write. All reminiscent of those romantic and sentimental portraits this finest of actors seems to aspire to (e.g., in *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Sound of Music*). It is a pleasant enough seduction to sustain a run.

Now, midway in a reflection on what he might have grown up to be, Chekhov stops to have an attack of plot inspiration; and granted that Walt Disney segue, we're taken into the first of nine sketches acted out by Plummer and four of the ablest actors one could desire. Especially well suited to Chekhov are the easy, honest imaginations of two of the cast—René Auberjonois and Marsha Mason (Simon's wife).

In "The Sneeze," an earnestly civil servant sneezes mightily once, and then once again, upon the bald pate of the bemedaled general who is his superior. He goes home and lies down to die of humiliation. In "The Drowned Man," a dockside vagrant confronts our writer with an irresistible pitch—he'll drown himself (or give a gruesome imitation) for the writer's pleasure and a good fee. The outraged writer soon succumbs to this morbid preposterousness and encourages too good a show. In "The Seduction," our self-assured writer demonstrates how to win another man's wife through her husband. When the lovely lady does offer to risk all other happiness for this moonlight fantasy, putting her fate in the writer's hands, he is shamed out of his fantasy of a suave, facile seduction. There is also Chekhov's young governess, trapped by timidity in a life of shy obedience, and his young, provincial actress in her first Moscow audition, gushing naively but performing *Three Sisters* like a bird in spring. Simple, deft little tattletales on human nature, most of these do not want or need a Broadway stage. (Even less do they need one-liner Simonizing or musical sentimentalizing.) We may need something in our playwriting void but upon the enlarging stage these pieces become oversized alphabet blocks, a child's garden of Chekhov. Audiences are generous; around me they anticipate lines and plots aloud, fondly patronizing an evening that is much like the childish crayon sketch of Dr. Chekhov used on the marquee.

At Lincoln Center, more than the plaza lights are dim. Brash impresario Joseph Papp has inaugurated his very welcome policy of new plays for the mighty Beaumont stage with a new one by his fondest hope, David Rabe author of *Sticks and Bones*. It is a static, coarse play about an unstable go-go girl with no place to go, entitled *Boom Boom Room*. In the production process, Papp discarded a director, the principal actress, one $60,000 setting and at least one critic (Clive Barnes) and has issued, by the bim-bam way

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one edict in his program that verges on anti-intellectualism. Now, one of his directors has followed this with a sophomoric *Troilus and Cressida*. Power can be heady and New York wants nothing so much as the lively Papp's creative (even if uneven) leadership. But I can find no reason to be indulgent toward director David Schweizer's *Troilus,* now playing the small Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre—originally The Forum, renamed for Papp's million-dollar benefactress. Papp says in his program that he is aware of the benefits of a fine "classical production, skillfully mounted and brilliantly acted. The silent assumption is that he could produce one; but let that go. *Troilus* is not only none of these; it isn't much of anything else—usually the case with the "no more masterpieces" approach to "revitalizing" Shakespeare. The production is a cluttered confusion of shallow, scurrilous mockery: Achilles in a gold lamé robe, with an Ace bandage on his foot; Ulysses in bandaids and unable to pronounce the names of the seven gates of Troy; Aeneas playing Dizzy Gillespie fanfares; Cressida as a soft-soaped Marilyn Monroe; Helen as a Revlon-red Marilyn Monroe. Naughty *Harvard Lampoon* stuff with lead-footed pretensions to profundity. Troilus has the talent of a Tufts tennis team back-up and should be returned immediately, and what of Shakespeare's language is not butchered is sent up incomprehensibly in intense geysers of saliva. But worst of all, in this version of a play which has much to say to our jeering, valueless times, it was ironically hard to distinguish between the mocked and the mocker. □

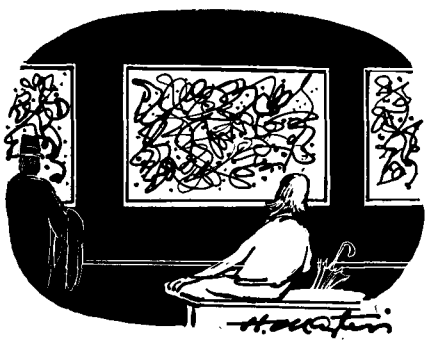
ART

RUTH BERENSON

Move Over, Michelangelo

The news last spring that a permanent gallery of contemporary art was being installed in the Vatican came as a happy surprise to the many who have deplored the Church's indifference to this subject over the last hundred years. Since the new gallery was to occupy the famous Borgia Apartments, whose ceilings were decorated by Pintoricchio for Pope Alexander VI in the 1490s, it appeared that the Church expected to resume its traditional role as patron of the arts.

Pope Paul's address at the one-day opening on June 23, to an audience of artists, donors, and a few reporters, augured well. He described the collection as "documentary . . . of the modern artist, who is the prophet and poet, in his own way, of the man of today," and expressed the hope that "from this first survey of modern religious art, placed beside . . . the Vatican masterpieces, there may spring a new artistic tradition, and that the conviction may be strengthened in the hearts of artists that the Catholic Church still and always esteems, supports, and protects them, and that . . . she is awaiting on



the vast horizon of today's world the blossoming of a new spring of post-Conciliar religious art." Whether this is in fact the case will soon become clear now that the gallery is opened to the general public; however there have been doubts in some quarters, at least so far as the American contribution is concerned.

The American section, chosen to convey the idea of "spirituality in art," consists largely of Old Testament themes by Ben Shahn (ten examples) and Leonard Baskin (three sculptures). In addition there are paintings, also mainly of Old Testament subjects, by Jack Levine, Philip Evergood, Abraham Rattner, Franklin Watkins, Max Weber, and Rico LeBrun; a John Sloan with the curious title "Dance—St. Ildefonso Pueblo"; and a smattering of others. What strikes one about the list is not that few of the artists are Catholic nor that many have long been associated with left-wing causes. It is that they represent a single, though admittedly important, strand in the tangled web of American art in our time, that of expressionist realism, which originated in the Depression years and persisted as a minor strain through the abstraction-dominated decades of the Fifties and Sixties.

What is equally curious is that nearly all the artists, dead and living, are represented by a single concern, the Kennedy Galleries in New York. The reason for this becomes clear when one learns that the works of art for the Vatican were selected over the past two years by the Committee of Religion and Art in America, over which Terence Cardinal Cooke presides; its vice president, and to date the only member with art expertise, is Lawrence A. Fleischmann, Director of the Kennedy Galleries.

ACCORDING to Monsignor Eugene Clark, Director of Communications for the New York Archdiocese and himself a member of the committee, there was no hanky-panky. He explains that when Monsignor Pasquale Macchi, private secretary to Pope Paul, and Bishop Paul Marcinkus, President of the Pontifical Institute for Religious Works (neither of whom knew much about the American art scene), came to New York a couple of years ago to get the project under way, they met a number of museum directors and other experts. All were enthusiastic and made suggestions as to what American artists should hang in the new gallery—but, museum directors being notoriously jealous of rivals real and potential, they did not suggest how the works could be located or who might be approached to donate them to the Vatican. Only when the two, impressed by a Ben Shahn they saw at the Museum of Modern Art, wandered into the Kennedy Galleries to see how much one would cost, did they find anyone helpful: they met Mr. Fleischmann and lo! their troubles were over. He took over the project, helped form the committee, located the works (not too difficult for him, one imagines), and arranged for friends and clients to pay for them.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, Mr. Fleischmann and the committee, perhaps at Rome's behest, operated in secret; no one, either among interested American laity or in the art world, seems to have realized what was going on until the *New York Times* front-paged the story on June 9, just two weeks before the formal opening. This is regrettable, to say the least. The

(Continues on page 103)

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BOOKS

Misunderstanding de Gaulle

FERDINAND MOUNT

De Gaulle
By Brian Crozier
Scribner's, 704 pp., $12.50

We're mostly suckers for mystery stories. Package your great man in an enigma and you've made a sale. I even saw a banner in the London *Times* the other day: "John Stuart Mill, the man of mystery." And they don't come much less mysterious than JSM. The mystery surrounding the holy monsters of history—Gladstone, Hitler, Mao Tse-tung—is usually no more than the reluctance of plain folks to take them seriously, which entails the tedious business of actually listening to their words and setting those words in historical context. So with the "mystery" of Charles de Gaulle. He made his beliefs and intentions unmistakably clear from the first. But nobody much in the English-speaking world has paid the slightest attention then or now. The reason for this is painfully simple.

The Americans and the British have the amiable and not uncommon weakness of wishing to think well of themselves. We mean no harm to anyone. We are on the side of the angels, motherhood, and free school milk. We may make the odd blunder as a result of our trusting natures. But nobody can dispute our good intentions. So when somebody *does* dispute our good intentions, he can be activated only by spite, the itch to pay off old scores, or a leaky prostate condition—certainly not by a serious argument based on verifiable evidence.

The Anglo-Saxon version of de Gaulle's career is well known. There was this obscure brigadier-general who almost alone refused to plunge into the vichyssoise in 1940. He and a few gallant colleagues behaved honorably when France "let us down in the war." However, flushed by fame, this chap got above himself and proved the most terrible nuisance. Most Englishmen know of de Gaulle only Churchill's *mot* that the heaviest cross he had to bear in the war was the cross of Lorraine, de Gaulle's emblem. After the war, France returned to her endemic shambles. Eventually this chap came out of retirement, sorted out the mess, and then once again began to be the most terrible nuisance, trying to louse up NATO and the Common Market—until he managed to louse up France and the French finally spared us the bother of having him about the place.

Brian Crozier, a distinguished British journalist, perpetuates this view almost to the letter. He pays full tribute to de Gaulle's actions in 1940, 1946, and 1958. He makes as interesting as anyone could the squabbles of the Free French, de Gaulle's struggle for power with General Giraud, and his efforts to secure for Free France a diplomatic leverage out of all proportion to her military strength. He analyzes acidly de Gaulle's unlovely contempt for "juridicality," that is, the rule of law. The ways in which the General himself helped to bring about the downfall of the Fourth Republic that he had so relentlessly prophesied and his abortive maneuvers to achieve a Franco-Soviet agreement after his return to power (abortive because, while he understood Russian imperialism, he never quite grasped the reality of Communist imperialism)—all are chronicled with grace and precision.

THE BOOK is drawn almost entirely from secondary sources, some sections being apparently based on the old scribbler's adage "read five books, write a sixth." And because these sources are so largely the memoirs of other generals and politicians, the effect is of history by engagement diary. "At noon I went to see Ike, who was worried about Roosevelt, who has just seen Winston, who had told de Gaulle . . ." This chill gossip from the corridors of power is sometimes dignified by the title of diplomatic history. It has nothing to do with de Gaulle, who was no diplomat, alternating as he did between the literary recluse and the mass orator. The solitude of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises or the *bain de foule* (crowd-bath) in the Champs-Elysées, but never the smoke-filled room or the round table, when he could avoid it.

Mr. Crozier's method imposes a severe distortion on our perspective. In all his 700-odd pages he makes hardly any effort to explain exactly why de Gaulle behaved in such an extraordinary manner. Indeed Mr. Crozier displays a sort of philistine incuriosity about the man himself and the forces which shaped his life. You begin to wonder why he chose de Gaulle as his subject rather than beekeeping, microcircuitry, or the later Cathars of Languedoc.

We are told that de Gaulle was a difficult chap and had only "contempt for ordinary people," which makes one wonder why so many of them voted for him so often. We are told that he was a nationalist, that he spoke in sonorous ambiguities, and that he had "a certain

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Cassell's Encyclopedia of World Literature* comes from Britain in a three-volume boxed set edited by John Buchanan-Brown (Morrow, $47.95). . . . Wallace Stegner portrays Bernard DeVoto in *The Uneasy Chair* (Doubleday, $12.50). The same publisher offers a collection on writers and language by *Times*man Israel Shenker, *Words and Their Masters* ($12.50).

■ PAPERBACKS: Robert Daley, former pr director for the New York Police Department, writes vividly about Gotham's Finest in *Target Blue* (Dell, Feb., $1.75). . . . *Serpico* by Peter Maas ties in with the new film (Bantam, Jan., $1.50). . . . *The Western Paintings of Frank McCarthy* is oversized and boasts forty full-color reproductions (Ballantine, Feb., $4.95).

■ MARCH BOOKS: Winrich Scheffbuch brings up the awkward matter of *Christians under the Hammer and Sickle* (Zondervan, $4.95; paper, $2.95). . . . George R. Marek's *The Eagles Die* is a study of the last years of Habsburg rule (Harper, $12.50). . . . *Literary Dublin* is a history by Herbert A. Kenny (Taplinger, $10). . . . *Sakharov Speaks* is a collection of his recent statements put together by Harrison Salisbury (Knopf, $5.95). The same house offers Werner Keller's *The Etruscans* ($10).

Muckraker *Lincoln Steffens* is portrayed by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). . . . Constantine (*When the Kissing Had to Stop*) FitzGibbon fashions a futuristic Gothic called *The Golden Age*, which it isn't (Norton, $5.95). The same house offers Erik H. Erikson's *Dimensions of the New Identity*, in which he illustrates his "psychohistory" with some ideas from Jefferson ($5.95). . . . First entry in the Ford Derby is Bud Vestal with *Jerry Ford, Up Close* (Coward, $7.95). From the same house, Ruth Sheldon Knowles talked to Arab leaders for *The Truth about the Energy Famine: What America Must Do to Become Self-Sufficient* ($7.95).

■ PERIODICALS. More circulation figures from single issue nearest filing date, fall 1973: *Catholic Worker*—79,000; *Christianity Today*—153,000; *Commentary*—58,000; *The New Guard* (Young Americans for Freedom)—12,000; *Liberty Letter* (Liberty Lobby)—98,000; *Triumph*—7,000.

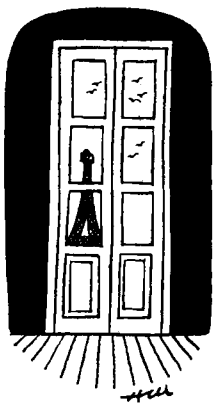
■ BESTSELLERS. Fiction remains the weak sister. Top two novels in pre-Christmas sales, according to *Publishers Weekly*, were Gore Vidal's *Burr* (104,000 copies in print) and Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul* (85,000 in print). Top two in nonfiction were Mildred Newman's fad book, *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* (275,000 in print), and *Alistair Cooke's America* (the champ in dollar volume: 170,000 in print, at $15).

idea of France," but we're not told what it was. It all sounds a bit softheaded. Well, says Mr. Crozier, perhaps on second thought it was. You see, this chap didn't really achieve anything, not like Richelieu or Louis XIV. After all, France would have been liberated without de Gaulle. The Common Market and NATO are still with us despite his efforts. In the final analysis, says Mr. Crozier, laying it on the line on page 685, "he cannot be ranked with the greatest of his country's statesmen."

IT IS at this point that one gives up, rubs eyes in disbelief, and calls for the raw alcohol. You may not like de Gaulle or his beliefs—I don't warm to either myself—but it is vital to understand both if you wish to cope with a major political force in postwar Europe. Two observable facts may help.

First, de Gaulle is without question the most *intelligent* statesman Western Europe has produced in this century. I mean intelligent in the sense of quickness, intensity, and strength of understanding. Mr. Crozier makes as if de Gaulle's prewar literary output was little more than perceptive journalism, the kind of thing any old staff colonel could have churned out. In fact *The Army of the Future*, to name but one, is a magnificent philippic, alternately satiric and elegiac, relentlessly argued, the work of a virile mind and a poetic sensibility. De Gaulle, we are told, had hardly any chance of commanding troops in action. Wounded and taken prisoner in the First World War, he only had command of a division for less than a month before the fall of France. But the titanic vigor with which he deployed his scattered forces in that brief space indicates that if he had achieved a strategic command in good time, Hitler's blitzkrieg might not have had such a speedy success. And once that extraordinary advance had been halted, who knows? A man of intellectual brilliance and equally conspicuous energy and strength of character, then—and one who at two crucial moments exercised supreme control over his country. A rare bird, surely.

Second, in 1940 France was rotten, demoralized, economically stagnant, collapsed. Today she is one of the richest countries in a Europe rich beyond the dreams of our fathers. But rather more important, France has retained her sense of identity, her culturally autonomous vigor far more than any other European nation. It is only our complete egocentricity—almost rivaling that of the French themselves—which prevents us from recognizing this. In history, anthropology, the cinema, philosophy, the novel, the French display an original zest (often a silliness too—that is the price of daring) which perhaps only the United States can match.



Now we are accustomed to give politicians credit and discredit where it isn't due. But as de Gaulle dominated French politics for 30 years and as his shade still broods over the scene, it is not unreasonable to see some connection between de Gaulle and the French revival.

The manner of de Gaulle's domination is, moreover, of deeper import than can be expressed in the question: was he a dictator or even a "fascist"? The kind of regime that he finally managed to establish was primarily a reaction against the weak governments of the Third and Fourth Republics and a function of his belief that the French people were incapable of working a stable two-party system, lacking the gifts he genuinely admired in the Anglo-Saxons. But it also reflected his obsession with legitimacy as the mainspring of effective government, legitimacy as it might have been defined by a combination of Louis XIV and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In a hyperbolic moment de Gaulle once wrote:

"I must say that the obstinacy of the parties in interpreting the constitution in such a way that the people would be denied a right that belongs to them seems to me the more arbitrary in that

---

Ferdinand Mount *has taken a leave from the London* Daily Mail, *where he was an editorial writer, to work on a novel. . . .* **Mario Lazo**, *a Cuban refugee, is the author of* Dagger in the Heart, *which tells of U.S. policy failures in Cuba.*

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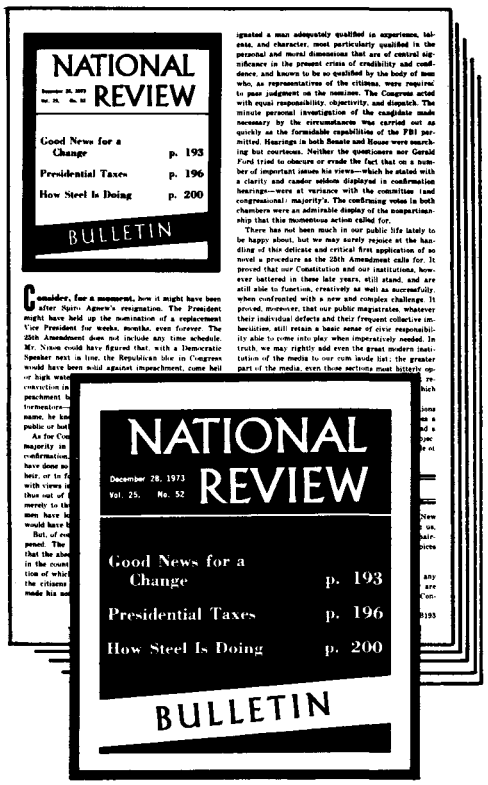

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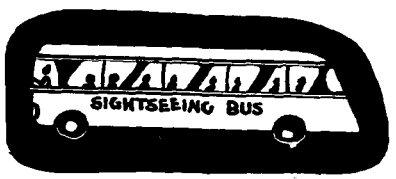
I am myself the principal inspirer of the new institutions and that it is really the limit to pretend to contradict me on their meaning."

Louis XIV put it more snappily: "L'état, c'est moi." Yet hidden in these comic pretensions it would be foolish to overlook de Gaulle's genuine belief in an "enlightened general will," a kind of populism which would block the tyranny of the numerical majority. In his rather muddled belief, he was acting out an ancient problem of political philosophy. He failed to solve it, of course. And his efforts had a sour flavor too. Generosity to the fallen enemy was not in his line. He *was* spiteful and petty on occasion. And this did and does matter.

His conviction that the Coca-colonization of Europe was something to be resisted finds growing support from all sorts of people in and outside of France. The *flattening* effect of multinational commercial functionalism upon life and culture is one of the things that unite young and old in revolt. The campaign against the destruction of the ancient buildings of London and Paris by business and tourism has a distinctly Gaullist flavor. The export of American inflation, against which de Gaulle and his ministers so regularly weighed, is now widely resented as much for its destabilizing effect upon the international currency system as for the takeover opportunities it has given U.S. big business. De Gaulle believed that fragile national cultures could be defended only by offensive tactics, by



crashing about like a bad-tempered whale on the beach of dollar utilitarianism. Only thus could the Anglo-Saxons be made to understand that, whatever their intentions, their actions really were a threat.

It all misfired. The spite and the bad temper merely gave the Anglo-Saxons a new excuse for misunderstanding de Gaulle's motives. Mr. Crozier's biography perpetuates that misunderstanding. It should go down well among English speakers on both sides of the Atlantic. As Barnum said to Bailey, there's one born every minute and there ain't nuthin' like telling 'em what they already think. □

Tchaikovsky
By John Warrack
Scribner's, 287 pp., illus., $14.95
Balzac
By V. S. Pritchett
Knopf, 272 pp., illus., $15

SON ET LUMIÈRE

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

They were both brilliant misfits, one solemn and the other flamboyant. In their short and rather sordid lives they managed to create major artistic legacies. Now both of them, Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky and Honoré de Balzac, are the subjects of outstanding pictorial biographies—perhaps the two best coffee table tomes of the season.

It would be difficult to think of a more contrasting pair of immortals than the gross, egomaniacal creator of the *Comédie Humaine*, with his insatiable hunger for money, trinkets, and adulation, and the somber, guilt-ridden sodomite whose musical inspiration was his only means of fulfillment. Yet their similarities are even more striking than their differences. Neither ever managed to come to terms with reality; both had a profound impact on the arts in their lifetimes and still give pleasure to the discerning today; each depended on the charity and counsel of a wealthy female correspondent; and both of them burned themselves out, both physically and mentally, by their early fifties.

BALZAC was a squat, greasy human sponge, soaked to bursting in mortal appetites and follies. His exhaustive picture of French society at every level reflects his own obsessions to such an extent that it often fails as a likeness, though never as a caricature. Alphonse Daudet, writing in the next generation, remarked on Balzac's "describing with the imagination of a bedazzled country squire, a world he had never seen. Possibly this world is real today, in which case life has copied the romance. Such things are not as rare as supposed." Daudet went on to speculate on how it came about. "Russia, where the novels of Balzac had their first success, imitated the manners of Parisian high life in his books; then these manners, applied there, and believed to be authentic, came back to us . . . and we have welcomed and adopted them."

Whatever the case, Balzac at his best remains unsurpassed, especially when examining the detailed workings of a character or institution caught up in some all-consuming passion. For example, one of the less well known novels in his *Comédie Humaine* is an amazingly accurate description of the petty jealousies, intrigues, and ambitions that are the principal ingredients in most government offices. *Les Employés* could have been written only yesterday by some disgruntled Washington bureaucrat with a keen eye for detail and a sharp ear for dialogue.

The only absurdities Balzac was incapable of consciously recognizing were his own. His contemporaries laughed at him even as they marveled at his prolific talent (85 novels and numerous lesser works in 20 years). He overdressed, overate, overacted and overspent—all with the hideously bad taste of a parvenu. In short, he embodied, without realizing it, most of the grotesqueries of his characters, which may be why even the oddest of them seems half plausible. Subtlety was the one thing he lacked; everything was painted in primary colors, bold, shocking, but with great detail of line. Lust, greed, vanity, or vengefulness—always some form of excess—are the mainsprings of these stories. Like overseasoned curry, they still make enjoyable fare when consumed in moderation. Most of them were ground out during long nocturnal sessions, Balzac fueling himself with an estimated 50,000 cups of coffee before his death in 1850 at the age of 51, just when his lifelong dream of bagging a rich, aristocratic widow had finally been realized. His biography, as droll a tale as any he wrote, is recounted with humor and warmth by Mr. Pritchett, who has both an appreciation of his subject's works and an understanding affection for the man himself.

While Balzac lay dying in his gaudy, double-mortgaged Paris mansion, surrounded by a lifetime accumulation of vulgar bric-a-brac, a fragile little Russian was complaining to his governess that his head was filled with uncontrollable melodies: ". . . this music!

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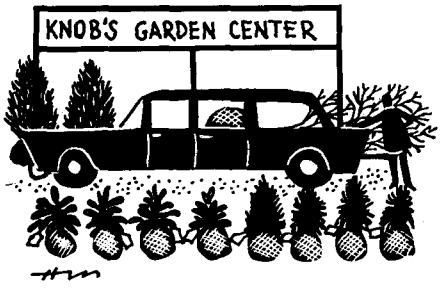
Take it away . . . it won't let me sleep," he cried. The music, along with the tendency to moan and groan, never did leave Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. He was a born whiner, a hopeless hypochondriac, a tormented homosexual, and a brilliant composer. He divided his time between typically Slavic periods of excess and remorse—mostly the latter.

A disastrous marriage nearly drove him to suicide. Characteristically, he lost his nerve at the last moment. Having waded into the frigid Moscow River, he stood there until the cold began to bother him and then scrambled ashore convinced (or so he said), "that he would die of pneumonia." Most of his private life was spent like that, plunging into silly muddles and



then crawling back out, soggy and half dead, to return to the one real consolation of his life, his music.

If Balzac's characters reflected their creator's oddities, Tchaikovsky's music expressed an abstract beauty that lay within him but could find no other outlet. Ironically, the general public best remembers him for his least characteristic work, the *1812 Overture*, which he dismissed as a "very loud" piece of business. But, in several of his soaring waltzes, in his haunting "Song without Words," in his moving "*Sérénade Mélancolique*" and in the most personal of his works, the quietly powerful Sixth Symphony, the pure light of a noble spirit bursts through his clouded, seamy everyday life.

As in the case of Balzac, we can be grateful that Tchaikovsky's gift for living was not the equal of his gift for art. The weakness of the one forced him to concentrate on the other. Fortunately, Mr. Warrack, a respected music authority, devotes at least as much space to the engrossing story of Tchaikovsky's growth and triumph as a composer as to his dreary personal woes. Both volumes are well written, beautifully illustrated, and highly recommended as either gifts or personal purchases. □

Give Us This Day
By Howard Hunt
Arlington House, 235 pp., $7.95

FORGIVE US THIS DAY

MARIO LAZO

The Central Intelligence Agency never publicizes its achievements and always ignores its critics. Its officers are sworn to secrecy forever: as a result, the manner in which this great organization functions is virtually unknown to the public. This, to some extent, accounts for the fascination of Howard Hunt's important new book, which tells the inside story of the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

Mr. Hunt was a key member of the CIA team that directed the abortive invasion in 1961. He had served the Agency for 21 years. When his name was blazoned across the country in connection with Watergate, the government blew Hunt's cover, revealing that he had been a CIA official and providing the press with what Hunt considered to be a distorted account of his involvement in the Bay of Pigs disaster. This unilateral action relieved him of the obligation to maintain further secrecy. Thus we have an inside account of perhaps the most humiliating episode in the long, bright history of the United States.

After the invasion had been aborted, President Kennedy publicly admitted his responsibility in order to shut off continuing criticism and to put an end to the versions given out by his closest advisers, who were ascribing the defeat to everybody but themselves. But then he leaked some White House accounts that placed the blame squarely on the Joint Chiefs and the CIA. Arthur Krock, the respected journalist who had been a close and longtime friend of the Kennedy family, put it this way: "After the debacle that [the President's] half-in, half-out support had foreordained, he blamed it on incompetent counsel. . . . Word went out [from the White House] unofficially. . . . Kennedy's transfer of blame from himself to the Chiefs of Staff . . . was leaked to the press to preserve for him the reputation for resolute leadership he had definitely failed to demonstrate in this instance."

Howard Hunt now resolutely points out those who were to blame. His documentation of the self-inflicted defeat has the force of a sledgehammer The President had turned away from the conservative pros in the CIA—o whom Hunt was one—to the libera "New Frontiersmen" who had breath lessly invaded Washington a few week earlier. They were the ones who pres sured him into knocking out the CI battle plan.

The cost of the disaster was enor mous, in human suffering, in loss o national prestige, and in money—s great in fact that it cannot yet b measured. Hunt correctly says that "ou of that humiliation grew the Berli Wall, the missile crisis, guerrilla wa fare throughout Latin America an Africa, and our Dominican Republi intervention."

Hunt's specific CIA mission was t form and guide a Cuban governmer in exile, accompany it to a liberate Havana, and stay on as a friendly a viser until after the first post-Castr election. It was a formidable task b he was highly qualified for it. He spol Spanish fluently, knew the Latin Amer can character, liked the Latinos, ar was in turn admired by them. The were more than a hundred Cuban exi groups in Miami, ranging in size fro a man-and-wife combination to the r spected group Hunt finally put togethe These were men he accurately describ as "professional politicians whose tra was public demagoguery and priva intrigue." But he succeeded, un Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Richard Goo win, and Chester Bowles got into t act, insisting on having their left-wi Cuban counterparts included. Wh these radical late defectors were a mitted against Hunt's advice, he ask to be assigned to other duties within t project.

THE CIA invasion plan, which wife Carmen and I heard Castro scribe as "masterful," called for destruction of the tiny Communist Force on the ground before the assa brigade hit the beaches. These f planes were under constant U.S. aer surveillance. They were to be destro by three or more air strikes (a *m mum* of 48 sorties from Nicaragua) the Free Cuban Air Squadron. H discloses how and why the 48 sor were reduced to eight. These Washi ton decisions for disaster doomed invasion to certain failure before first blood had been spilled on Cuban beaches. When Kennedy c

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eled the final air strike, Hunt was
ı the "War Room" in Washington.
Never before had I seen a room filled
ith men in tears," he writes. I will let
ıe reader find out the heartbreaking
etails for himself.

Hunt has risked his life on many
casions in the service of his country.
lore than any one man he was re-
onsible for thwarting the Communist
npire's first thrust into our hemi-
here in Guatemala in 1954. During
s long government service, in the
avy and in the CIA in Latin America,
ırope, and the Far East, he was im-
ed with the conviction that he should
ey a superior's order without ever
estioning it. When this led to in-
lvement in the Watergate episode,
wound up imprisoned, held in soli-
y confinement, manacled hand and
ot, assaulted, and robbed.

When a man loses all of his material
alth, he loses much. When he loses
closest friend—as Hunt recently
t his wife—he loses more. But if he
es his honor, he loses everything.
ınt's honor has not been impaired.
has been enhanced. He is one of the
e patriots of our time. □

CTION

e Honorary Consul
Graham Greene
Simon & Schuster, 315 pp., $7.95

)ST FATHERS

IARLES NICOL

te a good novel but hardly a sur-
e, this adventure adds a few more
ses to Graham Greene's long-run-
stable of alcoholics and defrocked
sts, a few more characters whose
ıples have become faintly absurd
e they lost the religion that origi-
y gave them meaning, whose con-
nces have become labyrinths of con-
ictions where they cannot pick up
golden thread. As always, this large
puts a sharp comic edge on Gra-
Greene's tragic entertainment.

ır. Plarr, initially the novel's central
ıs, is held to his small Argentine
by little but the memory of his lost
er, an Englishman dead or for 20
s a prisoner in Paraguay, the dark
permanent dictatorship across the
. Dr. Plarr had been sent from Paraguay to Argentina as a boy, and after his medical studies he returned to this provincial point of arrival, passing his time in idle reading and desultory affairs with his patients—most recently with the young wife of an old alcoholic Englishman, the honorary consul (an unsalaried and merely titular member of the British diplomatic corps). Plarr, a lost man, cannot put love into his relationships with others; whatever vestiges of love remain are tied to his missing father, a figure become increasingly nebulous and uncertain over the years.

A GROUP of revolutionaries from Paraguay receives Plarr's aid because it includes some childhood friends who promise to help him find his father. But instead of kidnapping the American ambassador as planned, they end up with the honorary consul. They have staked their lives and their ransom demands on a worthless commodity: nobody really wants their hostage. Though they now have nothing of value to trade, they continue their original game plan, and an event of high comedy slowly dissolves into hopelessness and death.

The hapless honorary consul has now become for a second time the victim of Plarr's chance betrayal. But we also see that the consul has come to represent and partially replace that vague lost father—we see it while Plarr himself does not, for he cannot face this new relationship either. He has doubted his capacity for love too often, and doubt has become the cornerstone of his system of indifference to others. Were love once admitted, the world would crowd upon him with permanent demands.

The honorary consul is a far fonder man, a foolish genial drunk eternally questing for "the proper measure"—an almost mystical golden mean of alcoholic equilibrium where he is not quite too tight to function. He dotes on his old Land Rover and his young wife. While he sits in an adobe hut under the threat of execution he writes her letters of love and advice. While lying in a coffin (the revolutionaries have no other bed) he plans escape. Ultimately the very definiteness of his connections to the world wins him pardon from his author: he is allowed to live.

Leon, the third major character, seems less successful. A rich man's son who identified with the poor, then a Catholic priest who felt that the Church hierarchy identified with the rich, now he is married and a revolutionary. He is also distinguished by "large ears set almost at right angles to his skull." Somehow his tortured idealism seems no more convincing than his personal theology: "How could I love God if He were not like me? Divided like me. Tempted like me. . . . He has to be a God made in our image with a night side as well as a day side. . . . I believe God is suffering the same evolution that we are, but perhaps with more pain." This seems to go on at some length. Described once as looking like "a small mongrel," this lost Father responds to the chance of Confession like some poor Pavlovian dog, and eventually celebrates Mass just before the police move in.

The scenery is sketchy; Graham Greene offers no travelogue. But the minor characters are sharply, even indelibly drawn. The Englishmen in the novel discuss *machismo* as though the mystery of the South American mind begins and ends there, but Greene himself offers a profound collection of Argentine characters and characteristics. His authority still goes to the heart of the matter, and remains. □

Black Conceit
By John Leonard
Doubleday, 254 pp., $6.95

ORIGINAL SIN AND THE CRANBERRY

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Black Conceit is the story of a well intentioned, intelligent, Sixties liberal couple who attempt to build a lifestyle around their politics. Ken Cofin, the husband, finds the activist life less than satisfactory. He leaves his wife and retreats to his family's New England farm to supervise the apple harvest. The pickers are black migrants, and Ken, who reminds himself that his ancestors helped with the underground railroad, hopes to alleviate human suffering in a personal rather than a political way.

Marcy, the wife, discovers the women's lib movement, retains her teaching job at Harvard, daycares her children,

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and dabbles in New Left causes. Unlike Ken, who is heavily burdened with human compassion, Marcy looks to the radical movement to add interest and stimulation to a life largely devoted to child rearing.

THE PLOT is engaging, the theme strong, and Leonard draws a well detailed and convincing picture of the liberal intellectual politics of the Sixties and that peculiar milieu in which they briefly flourished. Especially effective is the juxtaposition of university chatter and farm scenes.

> "She-it," says Root-man, "all you do on that crew is drink coffee, piss it off, and holler. I still sees me a lotta apples in your trees."
>
> "I sing the apples offen the trees, Root-man," says Foy. "They hears me and they dies of dee-light, plop, inta the bucket."
>
> "If them mother-apples doan taste no better than you sound singin', mighty ass, we gonna poison all the apple-eaters."

Meanwhile, back in town, Marcy is at a party.

> "Touch me!" said a young man blocking her path in the hall. She could swear he had been knit together out of gold lamé; he looked like a banana popping its skin. "Touch me!" . . .
>
> "Ravings of a demented mind," said Marcy. Had she conjured him out of her mug? She tried to drink him down.
>
> "But what light do you shed," he said, "you doctors of Montpellier, Vienna, and Leipzig? About as much light as a Spanish fly in a dysentery stool!" He began to weep.

Leonard has the dramatist's eye for scenes, and the chapter that pits Rinsler, a nationally known political activist, against Ken's Marquandian WASP relatives, at the farm for a New Year's Eve party, is alone worth the price of the book. It culminates with Rinsler, hungover and riding a toboggan, crashing into a tree. "Rinsler had no choice," the chapter ends, "but to hate these people."

And to heighten the scenes, Leonard charges them with exaggeratedly colorful, yet ringingly authentic dialogue.

"Suspended sentence for the U.S. of Ass," chants a black militant to Marcy. "But Century Number Twenty comes along. Your co-ses-sus is concussed. By the *Aboriginal*—the Peru dude, Inca-dinca-doo! The bushman, we don't *waltz* our Matildas! The Afro, black trash-eater, voodooing it to you, groin and bare *it*! I am 1789, caught up with you at last."

Still, the story line of the book and the impact of the scenes and character-clashes, which are very good indeed, are diluted by Leonard's penchant for overstylization. He has a passion for obscure and/or elaborate metaphors (I remember in a recent essay that he insisted on referring to himself for no clear reason as "The Cranberry"), and he seems to feel that genius cannot illuminate itself simply by producing a strong plot and good characterization. Rather, it must be set aglow with poetic impressionism. But instead of producing a glow, Leonard's highly charged prose tends to make murky the real talent he has. He too often comes up with passages like this:

"Carpetbagger of the millennium, toad with ember eye at the traffic jam of money, phycology, power, he has from the beginning been burned out. "The ash on his lapel is brain-cinder."

Thus, the theme of *Black Conceit* remains its most interesting feature. The author, editor of the Sunday *Times Book Review*, carries impeccable liberal credentials. (He once worked for *NR*, but then so did Garry Wills.) Yet Leonard's conclusions here about the nature of the human condition seem to wander well astray from accepted liberal thought. The title, *Black Conceit*, comes from Melville: "For in certain moods, no man can weight this world without throwing in something like Original Sin, to strike the uneven balance . . . this black conceit pervades him through and through."

Leonard seems to say, although not always quite audibly, that the good liberal who acts on his politics is bound for disillusionment. There is nothing in his philosophy that equips him to handle evil, for there is nothing in his philosophy that permits him to acknowledge its existence.

Ken and Marcy believe in a world perfectible through good will and intelligent action. But both are confronted and defeated, tragically, by a "black conceit" that cuts across social and economic conditions. They did not understand that it was lurking in wait. And they have no way of assessing it when they find it, for their view of humanity offers them no means by which to grapple with it. In the end, of course, they blame not their politics but themselves. They still want to be good liberals, but they doubt their own ability.

"Our last volunteer had departed for Buffalo, to canvass the Democrats . . ." says Ken sadly. "I should have gone with the volunteers, but after having volunteered most of my life, I've de cided to stop doing harm. It's not pc litical, it's personal." Ken and Marc retreat to where "the only harm we ca possibly do is to ourselves."

Ken is left with a guilt much mor profound than the variety produced b the religion of his ancestors. Eighteent century Protestantism merely called o man to perfect himself. But Ken's pol tics call on him to perfect society. Ar his inability to improve even the smal est segment of it leaves him with crushing sense of his own inadequac —completely disillusioned.

John Leonard has written a definiti final chapter for the Sixties. And a though a conservative I-told-you-attitude would probably set his tee on edge, still he has dramatized t defeat of activist liberalism, espous by his own politicized peers. Origir sin wins another round.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NEW POPULISM, *by Fred R. Har (Saturday Review Press, 209 pp., $6.9* Picture it this way. In the Thirties it v the Joads and their kinfolk, loaded i flivvers, rattling toward the promised la In the Seventies it was the McGovernit crammed into Volkswagen buses decora with peace stickers and flower dec chugging toward Washington, where tl would redistribute the wealth and set a necessarily more centralized federal g ernmental structure that would someh decentralize itself. The driver of the l bus does look a little like Tom Joad, played by Henry Fonda. But it's Geo McGovern, and instead of bib overa he's wearing a $400 double-knit s (Fred Harris wanted to be lead dri but flunked out of the campaign ea some say because he preferred expen chartered jets to the People's transpo tion and as a result quickly ran thro the People's campaign contributions.) passengers are a mixed lot—a few bl militants; numerous social science gra ate students and assistant professors gaggle of intense faculty wives; gim eyed refugees from the old New Left; torial writers from New York and Wa ington; and a healthy contingent of r cal-chicers and show biz radicals. Tl were the New Populists, but they n made it to Washington, for the des dants of the Old Populists didn't buy t leveling programs and ran their buses the road. These days the Joads and t kin are driving '73 models with air ditioning, power steering, and tape de And they aren't about to trade dow flivvers. Or even Volkswagen buses.

JOHN R. COYNE

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- AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU
- UNION TERRORISM RAGES THROUGH NATION
- DEATH PENALTY ISSUE IS STILL ALIVE
- FREE ENTERPRISE CHALLENGES U.S. MAILS
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- HOW WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES BACKS TERRORISM
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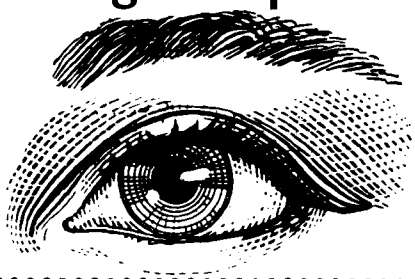

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MOUNT

(Continued from page 77)

clusion from influence. It will resort to the Mexican laundries and to other roundabout routes, preferably within the law but, well, if it can't be done legally . . . Meanwhile, at the other end of the line politicians still need money to run campaigns. Of course they shouldn't take tainted money, any more than big business should offer it. But where are they supposed to raise untainted money? If corporations aren't allowed to make donations and individuals can't afford to, at least out of post-tax income, who is going to pay for the massive amounts of television time needed to reach a modern mass electorate? One way or another, the taxpayer; but most politicians won't admit this inevitable consequence and continue to pass fine self-denying ordinances and then find they cannot deny themselves if they want to pay their campaign bills.

The only alternative is to be perpetually governed by Kennedys and Rockefellers where the taint of hocus pocus is removed back a generation or two. Even there, the present generation is not above, let's say, taking full advantage of the tax laws; I knew a man who was called in to write speeches for, well, call it Mr. Gatsby's campaign and who found to his surprise that he drew his paycheck as Deputy Librarian of the Gatsby Foundation. The truth is that raising money for political activity has always been a messy business. Legal checks there must be, but whatever form the checks take, there will always be a degree of evasion and hypocrisy. It is only when the reality draws too far apart from the pretense that the atmosphere turns sour. A little hypocrisy does no great harm; it can in fact be a sign of a certain coarse health in the body politic.

Even if it were possible to isolate the politician from society in a germ-free environment, like a newly returned astronaut, would it be desirable? Could an assembly of hygienic Galahads be trusted to understand and represent our grubby hopes and fears? Could they guess how we would react to this or that piece of legislation? Could they speak for us or to us? We don't expect our representatives to reproduce all our fallibility; they are not, after all, delegated robots. But we do expect them to report and ventilate our feelings accurately.

That is why it is vital that Congress should hear equally loud and clear the voice of the oil lobby (never more sc than now), the National Rifle Associa tion, the American Medical Association Women's Liberation, NAACP, YAF ADA, SDS, and all the rest of the alphabet soup. Come one, come all Flourishing lobbies are not devouring monsters but organized expressions o genuine feeling. The machinery tha feeds these feelings into the process o government has to achieve a delicat balance between rationality and popu larity. To introduce laws that determin what a lobby may and may not do, hov a campaign may and may not be f nanced, is not just "cleaning up pol tics"; it is helping to shape the whol democratic system. It must therefore b done with the greatest care imaginabl and only after minute consideration c the remotest foreseeable consequence The rules of the game set the standar of play. Too lax, and politics will a tract only crooks and dupes, and go ernments will be bought and sold lik bananas. Too severe, and the jails wi be crammed with politicians, and th business of government left to bureau crats who do not, cannot know wh people actually want and feel. Puri the pond and the lilies die.

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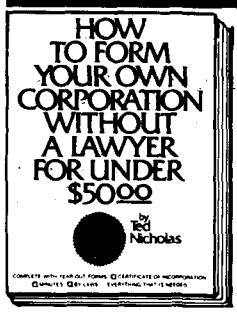

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JAMES H.] BOREN:

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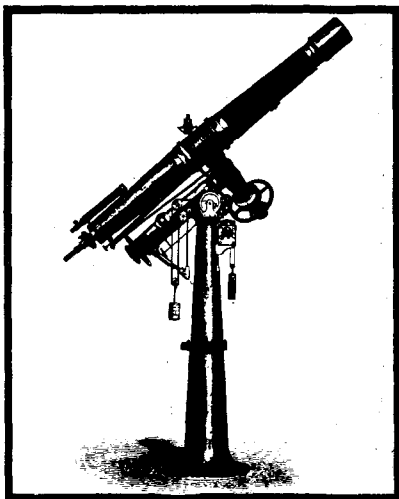
BERENSON

(Continued from page 91)

New York-based Society for the Renewal of Christian Art, formed in 1967 specifically to work for that "blossoming of a new spring of post-Conciliar religious art" of which Pope Paul spoke, could surely have helped. With a board that includes J. Carter Brown and John Walker, present and former directors of Washington's National Gallery; Maurice Lavanoux, editor of the unhappily defunct periodical *Liturgical Arts*; and Betty Parsons, who has launched more successful avant garde careers (Jackson Pollock's, for instance) than perhaps any other New York dealer, it could have prevented the one-sided presentation of American art that will be seen in Rome, and avoided the taint of commercialism that inevitably arose from Mr. Fleischmann's exclusive domination of the committee, however well intentioned.

Monsignor Clark has assured me that people like these will be consulted in connection with the committee's future activities, which will include a large fundraising campaign so that more—and better—works can be acquired. Other distinguished experts, including Lloyd Goodrich, former director of the Whitney Museum of American Art, are expected to join the committee shortly. Their task, it seems to me, is to diversify the American section and make it more representative. This will not be easy, for the dominant trend in American art until recently has been abstract art—and it is open to debate whether, in general, abstract art can be said to possess the "spiritual character" that is the prerequisite for entrance to the new Vatican Gallery. From the list of all the artists who will be on view there, it would seem that the Vatican curators who have final say on what is accepted (or rejected) have not excluded abstract art as such (Ernst Wilhelm Nay and Robert Manessier, among others, are represented), and I could see how a Jackson Pollock, if obtainable, might be a sensational addition to the American section, as would one of Louise Nevelson's evocative all-black or all-white assemblages. In the end, one hopes that American art, which has contributed so much to contemporary art in general, will be seen at its best in a museum which could—if it comes to resemble the Vatican's other great collections—turn out to be the most important gallery of twentieth century art anywhere in the world. □



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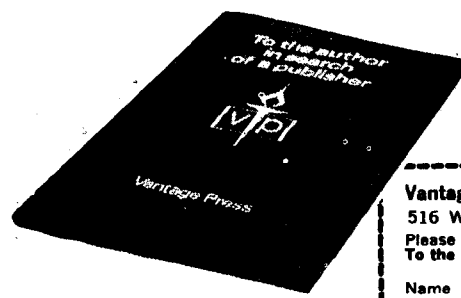

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Morning Line

New York, Jan. 7—The polls now show that, with three entries to consider, the American people would at this moment choose Gerald Ford over Edward Kennedy and Henry Jackson. Concerning this and its implications, a few observations:

1. There is always a little glamor in the unknown. Of the three gentlemen, only Gerald Ford can be thought of as unknown. Senator Kennedy has working against him not only Chappaquiddick, but that antidynasticism which is emerging in the colleges and universities, as the scholars rewrite history to the disadvantage of his older brother. Scoop Jackson has working against him a damp-fused political personality, the resolute ill will of the Democratic left, and—it might at this point be added—the fear of those who believe that the United States' attachment to Israel has got to be rethought in the light of the Mideast crisis.

2. Significantly, the choice of the moment is not only a Republican, but a Republican selected as Vice President by Richard Nixon, whose name is anathema to the majority of the voters. This suggests that the mandate of 1972, such as it was, is not eroded along with the confidence in the man elected. That Republicanism—or more precisely stated, anti-McGovernism—is still preferred in America. Many things have gone wrong in the past 12 months, but none of them is associated with that which might not have been had George McGovern entered the White House.

But this may be a temporary situation. The principal uncertainty of the day is economic. The record of the Nixon Administration here is not seriously touched by charges of graft and corruption. Whatever Mr. Nixon did or didn't do to favor or to hurt milk farmers and AT&T is not seriously thought of as having affected the economy or brought it to its low estate. And it is not clear whom the people would blame if deficit spending were publicly identified as the energumen in the current situation.

Would they blame President Nixon on the grounds that all basic economic policy is casually thought to be the responsibility of the President? Or would they blame the Congress, which after all voted the deficits, and in dramatic recent cases, attempted to override presidential vetoes?

This much is certainly clear, and that is that the Nixon Administration has no real line in economic policy. Beyond a few sentimental presumptions in favor of husbandry and the free marketplace, Nixon has experimented with everything. Several years ago he said he too was a Keynesian. I doubt that he knows what he means by that, or, for that matter, that John Maynard Keynes would know. All that is really left to the meaning of that word is: a conviction that a central authority has got to supervise the balancing, or the imbalancing, of the nation's books. Nixon has sought to do that—unsuccessfully. Economic conservatives are entitled to conclude that the Administration has been altogether too good-natured on the matter of deficit financing, which is now called "full employment" budgeting, a euphemism insufficiently skewered in recent critical literature.

3. Thus Ford's advantages in virtue of being relatively unknown, and in virtue of his identification with a conservative Administration, may be short-lived. Senator Kennedy does not have the background to emerge as a convincing economic doctor. But Jackson, whose image is of the industrious New Dealer, does. So that, under the circumstances—and discounting for the moment the competition—the chances of Senator Jackson would appear to be greater than ever. That is why, for instance, the trendy *New York* Magazine can run a cover story entitled "The Inevitability of Scoop Jackson." □

THE BOYS WILL PLAY *New York*, Dec. 31—Ralph Nader, you will remember, is that essence of integrity and decorum a whiff of which restores the ethical sensibilities, permitting us to rise again. Mr. Nader can detect an impulse to wrongdoing in The Great Pyramid and has been able to count on a complaisant press to headline his discoveries most solemnly: Nader Study Group Reports/Pharaoh Khudu Used In-Law's Cement. It was said about Eleano Roosevelt that she viewed the whole o the world as her own vast plum pro ject. Mr. Nader views himself as th Ombudsman for any American wh wants to attack Republicans, corpora tions, or businessmen.

To that end, Mr. Nader went t court (it is a deeply guarded secre where Mr. Nader sleeps; mathematic ally, it cannot be other than whereve it is in the courthouse that you go t file complaints)—to demand access t one of those woebegone tapes M Nixon has plagued himself, and u with. This particular tape was appa ently a recording of a conversatio between Mr. Nixon and his Secretar of Agriculture and his budget chie Mr. Nader, we gather, was confider that it would reveal Mr. Nixon's cor spiring with his lieutenants to raise th milk price so as to bring milk mone into the coffers of the Committee t Reelect the President.

It isn't obvious to us nonlawye how Ralph Nader became our first lir of defense against the Executive's agr cultural policies, but perhaps it was general fatigue, plus habitual ant Executive rulings by the courts, th one day recently resulted in a tape being delivered to one of Ralph Nader cabinet members, Mr. Dobrovir.

Mr. Dobrovir played the tape couple of times, presumably in searc of high crimes and misdemeanors. B then, unlike Mr. Nader, Mr. Dobrov likes to relax, and at a cocktail par at his house he decided that he wou play the tape for his guests. After a it isn't every day that you can pl for your guests a recording of a p vate conversation in the Oval Roo between the President of the Unit States, the Secretary of Agricultur and the Director of the Budget.

A member of Mr. Dobrovir's st reported that the whole experience w somehow unsatisfying. None of t guests was apparently able to come u with any presidential directive to rai the milk price for the benefit of t Republican Party. What they did he it turns out, was several poor jokes Mr. Nixon. No doubt this will be add

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to the encyclopedia of Mr. Nixon's sins. ("Father, I told a poor joke today." "How many times, my son?") How can we have a President whose conversations in the Oval Room with his Cabinet members include the telling of jokes that do not satisfy the cocktail guests of Ralph Nader's subordinates? I mean too much is too much. Call Judge Sirica! Call Congressman Rodino! What about the example to American youth?

And now the General Services Administration, a wonderfully unsmiling agency that just plain issues reports, issued one in response to the question how many other august officials had received tax deductions by the device of contributing their private papers to tax deductible institutions. Well, sir, it turns out that quite a lot of people have done so. For instance, Senator Humphrey, Dwight Eisenhower, and lots and lots of presidential assistants and Cabinet members. As one's eye goes down the list, one finds—what ho!—the name of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith. I hope that Mr. Galbraith's gift of his papers was complete. I hope, for instance, that it included the drafts of all the articles and speeches he has written denouncing loopholes and businessmen who avail themselves of loopholes. Do you suppose Professor Galbraith multiplied his drafts, so as to increase the bulk of his tax deductible items?

Mr. Nixon's critics are a charming lot. And an ingenious lot. No doubt a few years from now, we will read a report from the General Services Administration discreetly documenting the income tax deduction taken by Mr. Dobrovir for making a gift to a tax deductible institution of a tape of President Nixon's bad jokes. Who will set the value of that tape? The question is as old as: *Quis custodiet custodes?* □

THE ETHICS OF JUNKETING

New York, Dec. 30 —My friend Mr. Mike Wallace, a gentleman who is given to protracted concern with scruple, called recently in his diligent way to inquire what are my rules concerning "junkets," by which he means trips paid for by someone else. He proposes to do a television program on the subject, and I am grateful to him for his maieutic inquiry about my own views, which had not crystallized.

1. When a columnist is invited on a trip, he should begin by asking whether the host expects that his guest will write about the trip. Obviously if you are invited, say, to look in at the opening of Disney World, your hosts expect that you will write about Disney World. If you are invited (as I recently was) to travel in great luxury to witness the dedication of a new refining plant in a distant arctic archipelago, your host clearly does not expect that you will write about the plant.

2. In the second case, then, there is obviously no inhibition in accepting the invitation. In the first, you need to say to yourself: if I find that Disney World is a great bust, will I feel altogether free to say so, notwithstanding that the trip down was paid for, as also the hotel bill? That question is only coped with by the injunction: To thine own self be true. But here a qualification is appropriate. Going to Florida and back is not a very big deal, in this peripatetic age. So that the indebtedness of the visiting journalist is not really as heavy as for, say, a trip to, well, Mozambique, to examine the policies of the Portuguese government there.

3. Here the situation becomes more complex, and more interesting. On the one hand there are newspapers that pridefully insist that no journalist should travel to a foreign country at that country's expense because implicit obligations are incurred. That point of view is defensible.

But there is another point of view. It is a part of a journalist's duty to move about, and to report to his readers on what he sees. Most often he will use his own money to pay the fare. But —and here are more subqualifications —sometimes a) the trip is too expensive to justify the amount of time the journalist reasons he can devote to the subject (how many columns can one write about Mozambique?); and b) sometimes the journalist is simply not certain whether the trip will produce anything interesting enough to justify the trip. It is my opinion that in such circumstances the journalist should feel free to accept the round trip fare, cutting his potential losses to his own time. But—once again—he must know that he will feel free to write as he sees the situation, without any inhibition deriving from the auspices. This is especially difficult because one often tends to lean over backward to establish one's analytical independence, and that is as unjust as to shill. To say the problem is easily solved by simply avoiding the temptation is to take the easy way out.

SOME examples, from my personal experience.

I traveled, at the expense of the South African and the Portuguese governments, 11 years ago, to South Africa and Mozambique. I wrote three columns, and a long essay piece. Where I came out on the general subject of South African domestic policies is, I suppose, best intuited by saying that a pro-South African committee in the United States made reprints of my essay, while the government of South Africa refused to distribute it.

I traveled over one hectic weekend, at the expense of the government of Northern Ireland, to view the situation there just before Orangeman's Day. It was an excruciatingly uncomfortable trip of 72 hours. I wrote three columns, in which I find not a hint of servility to my hosts.

I traveled, at the expense of the United States Government, from New Zealand to the Antarctic, and stayed there five days, visiting the South Pole, and writing about U.S. operations there. This is one for the naturalists, and though I treasure the experience, I would not undergo it again, even to bring peace with honor to the nations that contend there for scientific advancement.

The general impression is that such jaunts are offered daily to columnists. That has not been my experience. Of course, it is possible that from afar they smell in me that incorruptibility that causes the angels and the saints to chant my name. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

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C. A person's life story, told by himself (or a ghost!) — 156 35 52 54 81 109 112 124 9 39 / 45 60 63

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E. Ruler of England, 1714-1830, 1910-36, and 1936-52 — 87 151 172 194 5 23 31 121 141 200

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K. A type of poem — 16 38 133 26 43 164 155

L. A part of early New England — 34 1 12 48 51 86 99 140 153 170 / 190 202 97 116 123 144 149 158 177 / 195 4 27

M. YELL, ABE! — 61 53 103 186 72 69 93

N. Rendered confused or obscure — 80 182 108 71 171 203 90

O. A type of dessert — 114 7 18 41 78 88 102 146 157 185 / 192 196 30

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Q. A type of fish — 132 57 115 118 40

R. Football coach who became President of the United States — 10 14 22 33 74 92 199 59 67 106 / 165 176 24

S. Interrogatory that might be propounded to a bovine — 21 3 49 62 75 95 137 83 85 98 / 152 160 175 178

T. Female sheep — 28 20 82 36

U. A port on the Hudson River — 42 19 73 117 139 120 150 174 37 154 / 187

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 102 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	■	2 F	3 S	4 L	5 E	6 H	7 O	8 B	9 C	■	10 R	11 H	12 L	■	13 J	14 R	15 H		
16 K	17 G	18 O	19 U	■	20 T	21 S	22 R	■	23 E	24 R	25 I	26 K	27 L	28 T	29 H	■	30 O		
31 E	32 H	33 R	■	34 L	35 C	36 T	37 U	38 K	■	39 C	■	40 Q	41 O	42 U	43 K	44 G	45 C		
■	46 H	47 B	48 L	■	49 S	50 D	51 L	52 C	■	53 M	54 C	55 G		56 H	57 Q	58 B	■		
59 R	60 C	61 M	62 S	■	63 C	64 H	65 J	■	66 B	67 R	68 C	69 M	70 H	71 N	■	72 M	■		
73 U	74 R	75 S	76 H	77 G	■	78 O	79 J	80 N	81 C	82 T	83 S	■	84 B	85 S	86 L	87 E	■		
88 O	89 A	90 N	■	91 F	92 R	93 M	94 P	■	95 S	96 B	97 L	■	98 S	99 L	100G	101H	■		
102O	103M	104G	105B	106R	107P	■	108N	109C	110G	■	111B	112C	■	113P	■	114O	115Q		
116L	117U	■	118Q	119F	120U	121E	122B	123L	124C	125P	■	126A	■	127J	128I	129G	130H		
131A	132Q	■	133K	134H	135J	136A	■	137S	138B	139U	140L	141E	142I	143P	■	144L	145D		
146O	■	147F	148G	149L	150U	■	151E	152S	153L	154U	155K	156C	157O	■	158L	159P	■		
160S	161F	162D	163P	164K	165R	166I	167J	168B	■	169D	170L	171N	172E	173G	■	174O	175S		
176R	177L	■	178S	179D	180H	■	181P	182N	183H	184I	185O	■	186M	187U	■	188F	189P		
190L	191D	192O	193H	194E	■	195L	196O	■	197F	■	198B	199R	200E	201I	202L	203N	204J		

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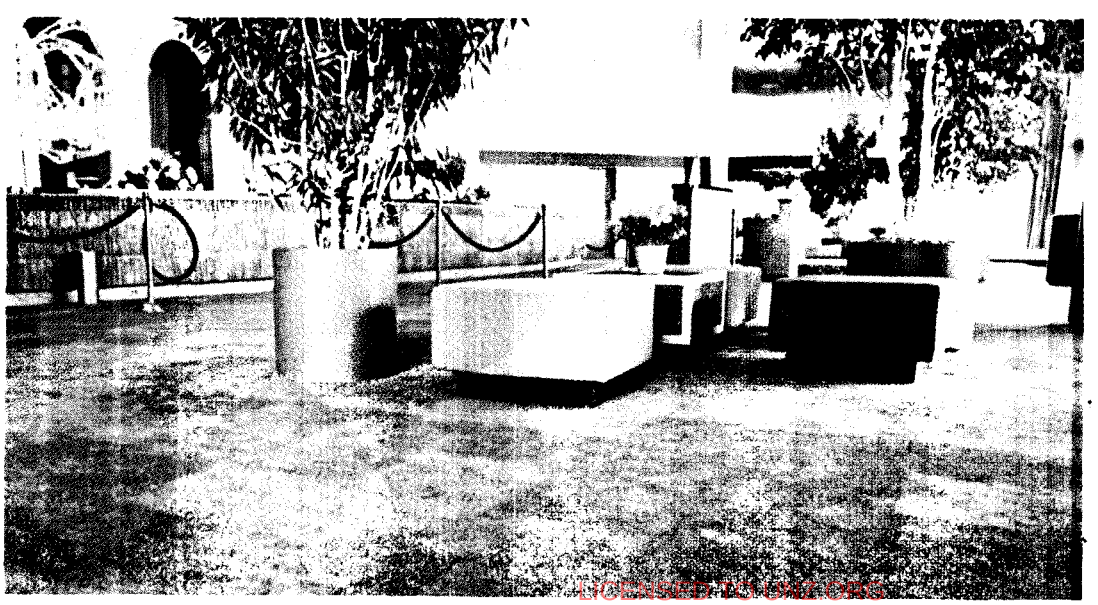

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